The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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READY IMMEDIATELY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature,

1s. net. PART X. *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman £100 Prize Competition for stories for boys and girls and little children, which closed on July 4th, proved remarkably popular, several hundreds of books having been submitted. The work of adjudication is already well advanced, and we hope to announce our awards in the September number of The Bookman.

The old division of the publishing year into a spring and an autumn season becomes more and more a thing of the past. The dog days of this year have been marked by a phenomenal output of books, and that not merely in the department of light literature. Books were published in June and July which only a few years ago would have been undoubtedly withheld till autumn. This is a step in the right direction. There is no doubt that the older system was rather a trade convention than a real indication of the habits of the reading public.

We have no hesitation in prophesying that the most popular of all gift books this autumn will prove to be Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," with fifty pictures in colour by Arthur Rackham, who last year achieved so remarkable a success in his masterly illustrations for Rip Van Winkle.

With the possible exception of "The Jungle," no novel is being more talked of at the present moment than the translation of Fogazzaro's remarkable book, "The Saint." Its success is such as to justify the publishers' anticipations, that it would awaken an interest in this country unprecedented by any religious novel since the appearance of "John Inglesant." We understand that the publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, have arranged to issue translations of Fogazzaro's other two novels, which form a definite trilogy. The first of these will appear this autumn under the title of "The Patriot." It deals with the Italian revolution of 1848.

In a contemporary we notice the tempting advertisement of "The Literary Correspondence College." The course consists of twelve lessons "by a novelist whose name is a household word." The advertisement begins alluringly, "There is a handsome income in literary work," but it adds that "the way is paved with rejected MSS." Novelists, whose names are known only in their own households, may be inclined to think that this statement is only an ingenious softening of Johnson's aphorism, that "hell is paved with good intentions."

How far may an epic proceed without the intro-

Ernest Thompson Seton,
Author of "Animal Heroes."
Photo Marceau, Los Angeles.

duction of "lovely woman"? The question has been raised by the *Times* reviewer of the first instalment of Mr. Alfred Noyes's epic, "Drake." "Three long books," he observes, "with barely a whisper of a woman in them are, to say the least, against all the precedents." But, as every schoolboy knows, the moving story of Queen Dido occurs in the fourth book of the Æneid, and it is not until the fourth book of "Paradise Lost" that Satan has his first view of Eve. It would appear that Mr. Noyes really is careful of precedent, and that the too impatient *Times* reviewer has no authority for asking poets to cut the cackle and come to the heroines. As the scene of Mr. Noyes's first three books is mainly "laid" at sea, the poet might fairly argue that the introduction of a heroine would have been contrary to the finest traditions of the senior service. The demand of the *Times* is rendered still more arbitrary and exacting by the fact that so far Mr. Noyes has not allowed his fleet to call at a single port! If one cannot be generous to young epic poets, one should at least be scrupulously just.

We understand that an important biography of the Empress Eugénie, by Miss Jane T. Stoddart, will be issued shortly. The work will contain six illustrations in photogravure.

Much interest is likely to be aroused by a novel which may be expected shortly from the pen of Mr. Harold Begbie. It will be called "The Priest: a Story of the English Church," and is concerned with the question of the ritualistic movement.

The American heiress and the English duke are long ago stock characters in our fiction. In her forthcoming new novel, "Madame de Treymes," Mrs. Wharton, we understand, will supply a pleasing innovation by describing the experiences of a young American girl married into an old Parisian family.

The latest likely winner in the race of sixpenny reprints is announced by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, the publishers of the deservedly very successful series of "Told to the Children" books. The new venture will consist of famous single poems, daintily printed and illustrated by coloured reproductions of pictures specially painted by a number of well-known artists. This is another nail in the coffin of the old Christmas card.

The latest statistics of the success of "The Jungle" show that five editions have been exhausted in this country, six in Canada, and two in Australia. In the States it is now selling more quickly than canned beef.

That a volume of essays should reach a fourth edition within a few months of publication is bad news for the Jeremiahs who are constantly bewailing the decadent taste of the general reader. This success has been achieved by Mr. A. C. Benson's "From a College Window," recently issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's new novel will be published this month. It is entitled "The Sovereign Remedy," and the scene is laid in Wales.

One of the most successful and attractive of recent series of school readers has been "The Story of the World," by Miss M. B. Synge, published in five small volumes by Messrs. Blackwood. We understand that the work has had a very large sale, both here and in the colonies. The same writer has just completed a short History of Social England, which will be published in the autumn in one volume. It is not a little remarkable that this gap has not yet been filled.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce three new Christmas books by Mr. Herbert Strang. Some months ago we instituted in these columns an inquiry from representative booksellers throughout the country as to the most popular juvenile literature of the present day. The result showed that in the department of boys' books Mr. Herbert Strang is rapidly attaining to the position so long held by Mr. Henty. We understand that Herbert Strang is a *nom de guerre* which conceals the identity of two writers.

The grievance which Mrs. Desmond Humphreys

("Rita") has been ventilating regarding the appropriation of the title of her novel, "The Silent Woman," cannot be said to be one of the most pressing evils of our Copyright Law. The fact, which has already been pointed out, that "Rita" was anticipated by Ben Jonson amusingly indicates the difficulties of patenting the title of a novel. The wonder is that the thing happens so seldom. This seems to show that publishers are not remiss in taking the usual precaution of searching the English Catalogue of books. It is, happily, not a danger that besets works of classical rank. As for the others, their authors must be willing to institute the search which is incumbent on every patentee. They borrow titles freely from the dictionaries of quotations. If two authors steal the same phrase from the Book of Isaiah, how can the law interfere? The difficulty does not call for any alteration in the Law of Copyright. It suggests rather a new field of activity for the Literary Agent. For a small additional fee, he should easily be able to guarantee the novelty of any title.

The only case where identity or similarity of title savours of hardship is when two writers accidentally, unwittingly and simultaneously, hit upon the same name. Sometimes this does occur. Only a few weeks ago we received, by the same post, a novel entitled "The Traveller's Joy," and an anthology called "Traveller's Joy." For this there is only Sir Redvers Buller's classic remark, "rank bad luck."

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson's new novel, "Lady Betty Across the Water," has proved one of the most successful novels of the year. Messrs. Methuen have already a fifth edition in the press. The authors have completed a new Christmas story, entitled "Rosemary in Search of her Father."

"The Tides of Barnegat," the new story by Mr. Hopkinson Smith, which has attracted so much attention as a serial in *Scribner's*, will be published in this country early in the autumn.

Mr. L. Frank Baum is the most popular living writer of juvenile stories in America. His books, as regards both letterpress and illustration, achieve the distinction of novelty. Three of them will shortly be published in this country—"The Wizard of Oz," "The Land of Oz," and "Queen Zixi of Ix."

If Mr. Baum succeeds as well here as at home, he will be an addition to a long list of American writers who have added to the gaiety of British nurseries. Louisa Alcott is the name that comes most readily to mind, but our obligation is not confined to a few. One wonders if there is any connection between the undoubted skill of so many American writers in interpreting the child mind and the serious attention which for many years has been given in that country to the subject of child psychology. The "Book of the Baby" is fast becoming a recognised institution in the States. In it the child's mental development is chronicled with the same care as is devoted in this country to the phenomena of the garden. Cynics have remarked that the American father plays Boswell only to his first born.

The very successful exhibition now in progress at the Agricultural Hall, of printing, stationery, and allied trades, contains much that will interest literary workers as well as the "trades." No hack would grudge a penny ride in a bus from "Grub Street" to Islington to examine "a self-filling and self-cleaning fountain pen," and a copying machine which requires only the turning of a handle, instead of screw, oil-sheets, etc., etc.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

June 20th to July 20th, 1906.

It has been apparent throughout the past month by the large amount of holiday light literature which has figured in the trade transactions, that the centre of

John Mastin.

Author of "The Stolen Planet."

attraction has moved from the town centres and gravitated to the railway bookstall and the shelves of the seaside bookseller.

However, notwithstanding that has been the case and that the climatic conditions have been against the reading of works of a more substantial nature, a very fair amount of business has been effected in books of a less transient character. "From a College Window" and "From a Cornish Window," mentioned in the last report, have increased in popularity, and a steady demand has been experienced for such volumes as "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith," "The Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race," "Dawn in Russia," and "Bible Side-Lights from the Mound of Gezer."

"Highways and Byways in Dorset," by Sir F. Treves, and "Felicity in France" have also sold freely.

Walter de la Mare.
Author of "Henry Brocken," etc.

The output of 6s. novels has been very limited, and calls for no especial notice. Marie Corelli's "The Treasure of Heaven" is, as this report closes, still, as regards actual publication, a future item, but throughout the month a large number of orders have been placed. The more noticeable items in the month's sales have been "The Jungle," "Fenwick's Career," "Thalassa," 'Set in Authority," "The Face of Clay," "Mystery of a Motor Car," "A Queen's Tragedy," "The Saint," and "Memoirs of My Dead Life."

"The King's English" is, as the title suggests, a literary corrective, but it is applied in such a delightful manner that the circle of its readers has been extensive.

Seldom is it necessary at this time of the year to note any material demand for biographical books, but in this line also a proportion of successful items appear, notably "Life in the Law," the most recent addition to the E.M.L. Series, "Walter Pater," "Five Fair Sisters," Ainger's Life, by Sichel, The Life of Oscar Wilde, by Sherard, and a small but attractive monograph on the late Sir Henry Irving, by Mortimer Menpes.

Mr. E. K. Robinson, in "The Religion of Nature," presents a deeply interesting subject in such a forcible manner as to command a considerable amount of attention from both the Press and the public, which has resulted in a ready sale of the volume.

The chief item of 3s. 6d. fiction has been "The Traveller's Joy," by E. F. Pierce.

Several additional volumes have appeared in Mr. Punch's Library of Humour, and the whole series synchronising with the holiday bent of the populace has caught on well.

A slight falling off in the sale of the popular pocket volumes and a considerable rise in the circulation of sixpenny reprints are the remaining features of the month.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
The Face of Clay. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
Set in Authority. By S. J. Duncan. (Constable.)
A Queen's Tragedy. By R. H. Benson. (Pitman.)
The Saint. By A. Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Memoirs of My Dead Life. By Geo. Moore. (Heinemann.)
Fenwick's Career. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Thalassa. By Mrs. B. Reynolds. (Hutchinson.)
Beyond the Rocks. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Kid McGhie. By S. R. Crockett. (J. Clarke.)
The Mystery of a Motor Car. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
What Became of Pam. By Baroness von Hutten. (Heinemann.)

From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
From a Cornish Window. By A. T. Quiller Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Five Fair Sisters. By H. N. Williams. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Life of Canon Ainger. By E. Sichel. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Sir Henry Irving. By M. Menpes. 2s. net. (Black.)
Wilde, Oscar. By R. H. Sherard. 12s. 6d. net. (T. W. Laurie.)
Dawn in Russia. By H. W. Nevinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Harper.)
Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race. By T. W. Shore. 9s. net. (E. Stock.)
Highways and Byways in Dorset. By Sir F. Treves. 6s. (Macmillan.)
King's English. 5s. net. (Oxford University Press.)
Felicity in France. By C. E. Maud. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Bible Side-lights from the Mound of Gezer. By R. A. S. Macalister. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Garter Mission to Japan. By Lord Redesdale. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Religion of Nature. By E. K. Robinson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Traveller's Joy. By E. F. Pierce. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Mr. Punch's Library of Humour. 1s. each net. (Amalgamated Press.)
Guide Books and Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending:
June 23—Quiet in home trade. Export brisk.
,, 30—A moderate demand.
July 7—Improvement in all departments.
,, 14—A quiet week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

June 21st to July 20th, 1906.

The most important new book of the month has been M. Pritchard-Agnetti's translation of Antonio Fogaz-

J. B. Harris-Burland.
Author of "The Financier."

zaro's "The Saint." Up till now it has not gone off with a rush, but the book has sold steadily, and we have hope that it may yet prove one of the great religious novels, such as "John Inglesant" and "Robert Elsmere" have been in the past.

What strikes one this month is the enormous demand for the various holiday guides and kindred material. It is marvellous how the sales of such keep up, in face of the avalanche of advertising matter which is scattered broadcast by well-nigh every railway and steamboat company. Yet few are the holiday-makers who do the Continent without their "Baedeker" or "Murray."

The tourist is now with us, causing a brisk demand for the various guides, illustrated handbooks, etc., mainly those relating to the homes and haunts of Burns and Scott. A neat line of bijou books bound in the various silk tartans are being smartly taken up. A new volume for the tourist sale, G. Eyre-Todd's "Scotland Picturesque and Traditional," which is nicely illustrated, promises to be a great success; also the new volume in Black's beautiful books, "The Highlands and Islands of Scotland," which is well illustrated in colour.

Where the man with the rod is to be found spending his vacation we find the following volumes are being bought:—Hodgson's "Salmon Fishing," Shaw's "Dry Fly Fishing," "Trout Fishing," by Hodgson, and E. S. Roscoe's "Rambles with a Fishing Rod."

The three new volumes of Dickens which have just been added to Collins' Pocket Novels have kept this series well in front of the public, good sales resulting. It is evident that a Dickens in this style was much wanted.

Nelson's Sixpenny Classics still move off well; the numbers now sold must be enormous. "East Lynne" is the new volume just published.

In fiction the following new novels have been taken up well:—"Coniston," by Winston Churchill; "Set in Authority," by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan), a tale of Anglo-Indian life; Le Queux's "A Woman of Kensington"; "The Heart of Helen," by L. T. Meade; "The Queen's Tragedy," by R. H. Benson. The following recent fiction are still selling well:—"Lady Betty Across the Water," "Count Bunker," "Beyond the Rocks," "In Subjection," and "The Mystery of a Motor-Car."

In bookstall literature the shilling "Punch Books" promise to have a huge sale, the three new volumes, "Punch Afloat," "In Love," and "In the Highlands," having gone off well. The cleverly drawn cover of the last volume is particularly happy; here we have the stag on the mountain top on the hunt for Mr. Punch, who is got up in the latest Bond Street style. The cheap reprints of Pitcher's popular books, "Gal's Gossip," "More Gal's Gossip," "Houndsditch Day by Day" at a shilling in cloth, find ready buyers, while Nat Gould's novels, in two-shilling "Yellow-backs," sell well to the sporting class. This is the only author who can now issue his books in this once popular style.

Locally, W. G. Williamson's volume on our ancient capital, "Edinburgh, a Historical and Topographical Account of the City," with illustrations by H. Railton, sold on subscription, and no doubt will continue to sell during the tourist season.

The new volume in Messrs. Hodge's "Notable Scottish Trials Series," being a history of the trial of the Frenchman "Eugene Marie Chantrille," had the usual good sale of this series, in certain circles.

The following volumes have also been in demand:—"From a College Window," by A. C. Benson; "The Business Blue Book;" "Days of His Flesh," by David Smith; "My Life and Sacred Songs," by Ira D. Sankey; McKie's "Summer Rambles," Swinburne's

Wilfrid Campbell.
The distinguished Canadian Poet.

"Blake," Ruskin's "Two Paths" (cheap issue), G. R. Sims' "Modern London," and Messrs. Gowans and Gray's series of humorous masterpieces.

The following magazines had extra sales this month:—*Royal Magazine*, *Fry's Magazine*, *Wide World Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *London Magazine*, *Novel Magazine*, *Twentieth Century*, *Hibbert's Journal*.

The following is a list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six-shilling Novels.

The Saint. By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. (Heinemann.)
Count Bunker. By J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood.)
Coniston. By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
Set in Authority. By Mrs. E. Cotes. (Constable.)
A Woman of Kensington. By W. Le Queux. (Cassell.)
The Heart of Helen. By L. T. Meade. (J. Long.)
The Queen's Tragedy. By R. H. Benson. (Pitman.)
Lady Betty Across the Water. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
Beyond the Rocks. By E. Glyn. (Duckworth.)
Mystery of a Motor-car. By W. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
In Subjection. By E. T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)

Miscellaneous.

From a College Window. By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)
My Life and Sacred Songs. By Ira D. Sankey. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
William Blake. By A. C. Swinburne. 6s. net. (Chatto and Windus.)
Days of His Flesh. By David Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Notable Scottish Trials. (Eugene Marie Chantrelle.) 5s. net. (Hodge.)
Edinburgh: A Historical and Topographical Account of the City. By W. G. Williamson. Illustrated by H. Railton. (Ancient Cities Series.) 4s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Summer Rambles. By T. McKie. 2s. 6d. (Douglas.)
Scotland, Picturesque and Traditional. By G. Eyre-Todd. 3s. 6d. net. (Gowans and Gray.)
Highlands and Islands of Scotland. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. 10s. net. (Black.)
Salmon Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Rambles with a Fishing Rod. By E. S. Roscoe. 5s. (Morton.)
Dry Fly Fishing. By Shaw. 3s. 6d. net. (Bradbury.)
Ruskin (Re-issues). 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Allen.)

Holiday Literature (Various).

Gould's Novels (various). 2s. (Everett and Co.)
Punch Books (six volumes.) 1s. (Amalgamated Press.)
Collins' Pocket Novels (various). 1s. (Collins.)
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics (various). 6d. (Nelson.)
Gowans and Gray's Humorous Masterpieces (various). 6d. (Gowans and Gray.)
Pitcher's Books (3 vols.). 1s. net. (Maclaren.)
The Business Blue Book. 1s. net and 2s. net.

Sixpenny Novel Reprints.

Mona Maclean. By Graham Travers. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. 6d. (Newnes.)
David Elginbrod. By G. Macdonald. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Heart of Wales. By Allen Raine. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
The Wife's Trials. By E. J. Worboise. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
Blue Cap. By Nat Gould. 6d. (Everett and Co.)
The Sinner. By Rita. (Hutchinson.)
Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Newnes.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

AUGUST, 1906.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

From August 1 to September 1.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

TREVES, SIR FREDERICK.—The Other Side of the Lantern. Cheap Edition. 6s. net.
HORNUNG, E. W.—My Lord Duke. 6d. Edition.
FOX, THOMAS, F.L.S.—How to Find and Name Wild Flowers. With Introduction by F. E. Hulme, F.S.S., and Numerous Pictures and Illustrations. Paper, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

OHNET, GEORGES.—The Path of Glory. 6s.

Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd.

TRAVERS, GRAHAM.—Growth. A Novel. 6s.
FRENSSEN, GUSTAV.—Holyland. 6s.
MAARTENS, MAARTEN.—The Woman's Victory. 6s.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

STEEL, FLORA ANNIE.—The Sovereign Remedy. 6s.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—Cathedrals of England and Wales. Vol. III. 6s. net.
BLAND, HUBERT.—Letters to a Daughter. 3s. 6d.
STANTON, CORALIE, and HOSKEN, HEATH.—A Widow by Choice. 6s.
WISHAW, FRED.—A Russian Coward. 6s.
HOLMES, GORDON.—The Arnciffe Puzzle. 6s.

Mr. John Long.

YORKE, CURTIS.—The Girl and the Man. 6s.
TWEEDALE, VIOLET.—The Portals of Love. 6s.
TYTLER, SARAH.—The Girls of Inverbarns. 6s.
APPLETON, G. W.—The Ingenious Captain Cobbs. 6s.
ST. AUBYN, ALAN.—The Greenstone. 6s.
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—The Mystery of Magdalen. 6s.
HAGGARD, LT.-COL. ANDREW.—A Persian Roseleaf. 6s.
COWDEN, ARTHUR.—The Horse and the Maid. 6s.
HUME, FERGUS.—The Black Patch. 6s.
MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE.—The Brangwyn Mystery. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—From the Hand of the Hunter. 6s.
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Love and the King. 6s.
DOUGLAS-HAMILTON.—Mrs. Alfred Leone. 6s.
COOKE, J. Y. F.—Stories of Strange Women. 6s.
Anonymous.—The Confessions of a Princess. 6s.
GOULD, NAT.—A Hundred to One Chance. Picture Boards, 2s.; Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

MARSH, RICHARD.—In the Service of Love. 6s.
SHELLEY, BERTHA.—Enderby. 6s.
DUTT, W. A.—Wild Life in East Anglia. 7s. 6d. net
FIRTH, J. B.—Middlesex. (Little Guides.) 2s. 6d. net.
MANN, MARY E.—Eglamore Portraits. 6s.
MAXWELL, W. B.—Guarded Flame. 6s.
MATHERS, HELEN.—Tally Ho! 6s.
CAPES, BERNARD.—A Rogue's Tragedy. 6s.
FERRERS HOWELL, A. G.—Franciscan Days. 3s. 6d. net.
TAYLOR, J. W.—The Coming of Saints. 7s. 6d. net.
PETT RIDGE, W.—The Wickhamses. 6s.
ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—I Know a Maiden. 6s.
FEA, ALLAN.—Beauties of the Seventeenth Century. 12s. 6d. net.
MOFFAT, MARY M.—Queen Louisa of Prussia. 7s. 6d. net.
DU BUISSON, D.D., J. C.—Gospel According to St. Mark. 2s. 6d. net.
FRASER, MRS. HUGH.—In the Shadow of the Lord. 6s.
WILLIAMSON, C. N. and A. M.—The Car of Destiny. 6s.
CHESTERTON, G. K.—Dickens. 10s. 6d. net.
RAVEN, D.D., F.S.A., CANON J. J.—The Bells of England. 7s. 6d. net.
LUCAS, E. V.—A Wanderer in London. 6s.

Mr. John Murray.

HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—The Trials of Commander McTurk. 6s.

Alston Rivers, Ltd.

CHESSON, LATE MRS. NORA.—Selected Poems.
COBB, THOMAS.—Collusion. 6s.
Anon.—A Pixy in Petticoats. A Story of Dartmoor. 6s.
DANBY, WALTER.—The Ivory Raiders. 6s.
BOWEN, MARJORIE.—The Viper of Milan. 6s.
VERNEDE, R. E.—Meriel. By Author of The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel. 6s.

Mr. Philip Wellby.

WAITE, ARTHUR EDWARD.—Strange Houses of Sleep. 12s. net.
HORTON, J.—Tekel, or The Wonderland of the Bible. 6s. net.
HYATT, ALFRED H.—A Garden of Spiritual Flowers. An Elizabethan Book of Devotions. Vol. III. The Aldwych Series. 2s. 6d. net.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

WALTER PATER.

By George Saintsbury.

THERE appear to be signs, both public and not public, of a widening and deepening interest in the author of "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." Some new books on him are actual; more are spoken of as in preparation; and (which is perhaps more significant still) one is told that attention to him, always more or less rife, except in very early days, at his own University, has notably increased there. Certainly this is not a thing to be regretted in itself, but on the contrary to be welcomed. To the present writer it seems not less, but more than it did thirty years ago—at the time when, as Mr. Pater himself was pleased to say, very few of his critics had seen what he was aiming at—that the book named above was, is, and is likely to remain one of the most noteworthy *points de repère* in the English literature of the later nineteenth century. It seems also that this book and some (not quite all) of those that followed, occupied and defined a critical standpoint which had been only occasionally reached, and never very definitely or consciously held, before. And it seems, further, that this critical standpoint connects itself, not merely with the criticism of literature but with that of life in a manner likely to be very important indeed. Perhaps these are obvious seemings; *vérités*, if not *secrets*, *de Polichinelle*. But perhaps also not.

One thing, however, which does not seem to have been very obvious to some, but which is very certain, is that Pater and Paterism are things rather ambiguous and double-edged: and that if special interest is being excited by them, among young men more particularly, it is very desirable that the right interpretation of the ambiguity, the right side or handle of the weapon, should be got hold of. Nor is this altogether easy, especially when it is remembered that mankind is disastrously prone to take things rather from the interpreters who occur than from the things themselves. Now, once more, it is not altogether easy to interpret Pater.

It would no doubt be an arrogant absurdity if one were to say that no one but an Oxford man can understand him. Indeed the absurdity would transcend the arrogance. Anybody with due pains, and (it is true this is rather a large proviso) the due wits, can understand anybody. But understanding is a partly passive, and, one may almost say, a wholly inarticulate performance. Interpretation, on the other hand, is wholly articulate and wholly active. It is when a man begins this active and articulate process that his troubles and his dangers begin likewise. He cannot, without the most superhuman efforts, prevent himself from speaking his own speech and acting his own action: and he will be clever indeed if he does not put that speech and that action in the place of his subject's, which may have been extremely different. I feel, for instance, quite certain that a Cambridge Pater, or a non-academic Pater, would have been an entirely different person from the actual. Yet when a Cambridge interpreter or a non-academic interpreter gives the portrait, it will go hard but it will be the Cambridge Pater or the non-academic Pater that he gives us. After a time these difficulties and dangers disappear, but for a time they last; and during that time the difficulties are very difficult and the dangers not a little dangerous. Nor is personal knowledge, which is sometimes supposed to be an almost absolute qualification, by any means an absolute safeguard. I knew Mr. Pater myself; not intimately, but for a considerable number of years. I had known him before the "Studies" appeared, and I knew him after. But I do not think my personal knowledge of him helped me nearly so much to comprehend him and his work as the fact that, though I was a younger man by more than one Oxford generation, the days which we saw were, in a larger sense, the same days. They were those of the interval between the first and second University Commissions, to take rigid dates: those of the late fifties, the whole of the sixties, and the very early seventies more loosely.

Walter Pater.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr William Heinemann.)

It is often, and perhaps not unfairly, said that no man is a fair judge of his own University period, or of any period in which he has been a participator. "The shapes arise," as Whitman has it, in too bewildering a crowd, and with too fascinating or repulsive associations. But I think this period at Oxford *was* a remarkable one. It has had no history yet: and it can hardly have one from the now dwindling number of men who actually took part in it. Those who, like myself, saw it only as undergraduates, although they may have enjoyed the full limit of five years, scarce saw enough; those who, as undergraduates and dons, saw the whole or a more or less great part of it, are likely to have been "lost in the trees" of ever-changing experience. Those who even in the same University, much more outside of it, came later, could hardly

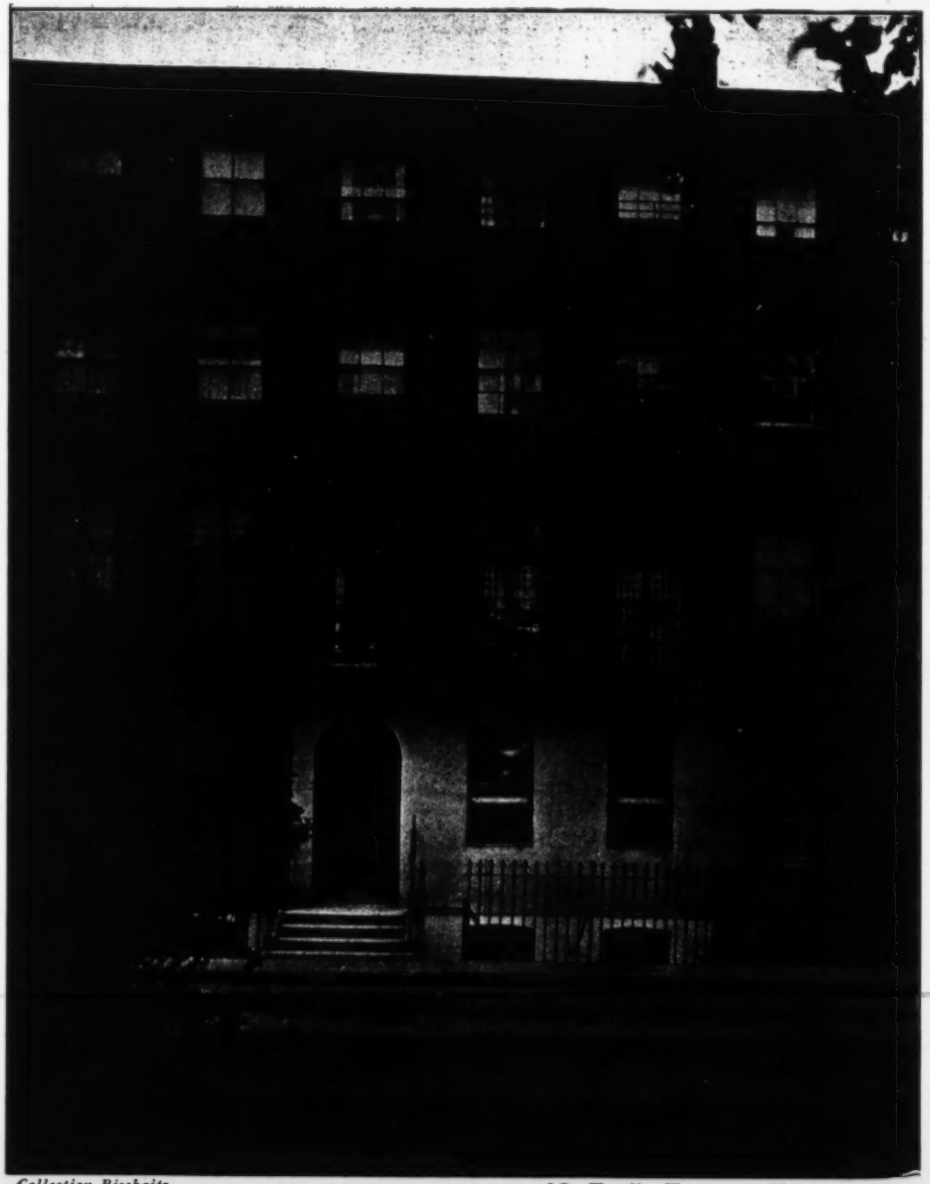
escape the disqualifications of the immediate successor. Two instances of this may be referred to. One was the again and again repeated surprise of reviewers, when the "Life of William Morris" appeared, that he and his friends should have greatly esteemed Miss Yonge's "Heir of Redclyffe." Another was the suggestion—made freely in the lifetime of the person concerned, and arousing in him the only serious and genuine indignation that I ever saw in him—that the late Bishop of London was a conforming free-thinker. The citations are not irrelevant to what will be here said of Pater himself.

Oxford, merely as Oxford, in the days which passed between Pater's introduction to it and the appearance of the "Studies," was in one of those stages of transitional ferment which are almost invariably fruitful in effect on the emotions and the intellect of those who possess either the one thing or the other or both. The alterations of the first Commission—the throwing open of previously close scholarships and fellowships; the multiplication of professorships, and the attempt to make them serious instruments of University instruction, not so much in place of as in supplement to the exclusive tutorial system; the diminution, though not yet the dethronement, of the clerical element; the sharper, if not yet very sharp, attention to business inculcated on both undergraduates and dons; the gradual change introduced by these and other innovations into the *personnel* and the *moral* of the whole University—these things were unquestionable. But as yet they worked very gradually, and like other drugs, displayed their beneficial long before they manifested their toxic effect. The sharp quarrels of the Oxford Movement had died down, leaving it practically triumphant, affecting the religious attitude of dons and undergraduates alike almost wholly for good, and that not only in the High Church direction. The most remarkable Evangelical whom I ever knew, the "Oxford Evangelist," Bazely, of Pater's own college, was a senior contemporary of my own, a junior of his. Socially, things were interesting. There was still among the dons a large steadying element of the older type; the decree (to use a somewhat later joke) that all the world should get married had not yet gone forth.

But the merely disreputable don was nearly, if not quite, extinct. Among undergraduates the snobbery which had made Landor quarrel with a man for "entertaining servitors," and which, if we may believe Thomas Hughes, existed still to some extent not twenty years before Pater went up, had almost entirely disappeared. There was no prejudice against reading; and I think that the late Professor York Powell was quite wrong when, in writing of the late Mr. Grant Allen, he said that there was a prejudice against unconventionality. If you were a gentleman and a good fellow (with a liberal interpretation of the first requisite) you might, so far as I remember, be as unconventional as you chose. But it was certainly still the general idea that an undergraduate should, as much as possible, be an "all-round man,"—that he should not *merely* read; that if he were not great at sports he should at any rate take an interest in them; that he should not wholly eschew wines and suppers and such more forbidden but harmless things as college steeplechases; that he might fill his rooms with "triptychs and Madonnas" or keep strange beasts in them, or compose (at the expense of mild objurgations from his neighbours) waltzes by dint of trying them for weeks in an inchoate condition on his piano; or do anything else in reason, and sometimes a little out of it.

From the larger world outside came larger elements of fermentation—the change from forty years of peace to the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian and American Revolutions, the great Continental earthquakes of '66 and '70; the recrudescence, after the unnatural concordat of the later Palmerston years, of the agitation for Parliamentary reform; the thought-fuses of "The Origin of Species" and of "Essays and Reviews"; above all, the establishment for the first time of Tennyson as a reigning poet and of Browning as a recognised one, with the soon-coming development of the Pre-Raphaelite school in poetry following on that in art; the growing popularity of Ruskin; the revival of criticism under Matthew Arnold; the great development of the history, the newspaper, the novel; the new interest in French literature; the return to the interest in Italian. Some of these things were hardly outside influences: they grew almost as much inside Oxford as out of it; others affected Oxford as they affected the nation at large. All constituted a sort of yeast, from one point of metaphor—from another a phantasmagoria of objects of attention and interest—to which there had been nothing parallel since the times of the French Revolution—to which there had been perhaps, nothing fully parallel since the times of Renaissance and Reformation themselves.

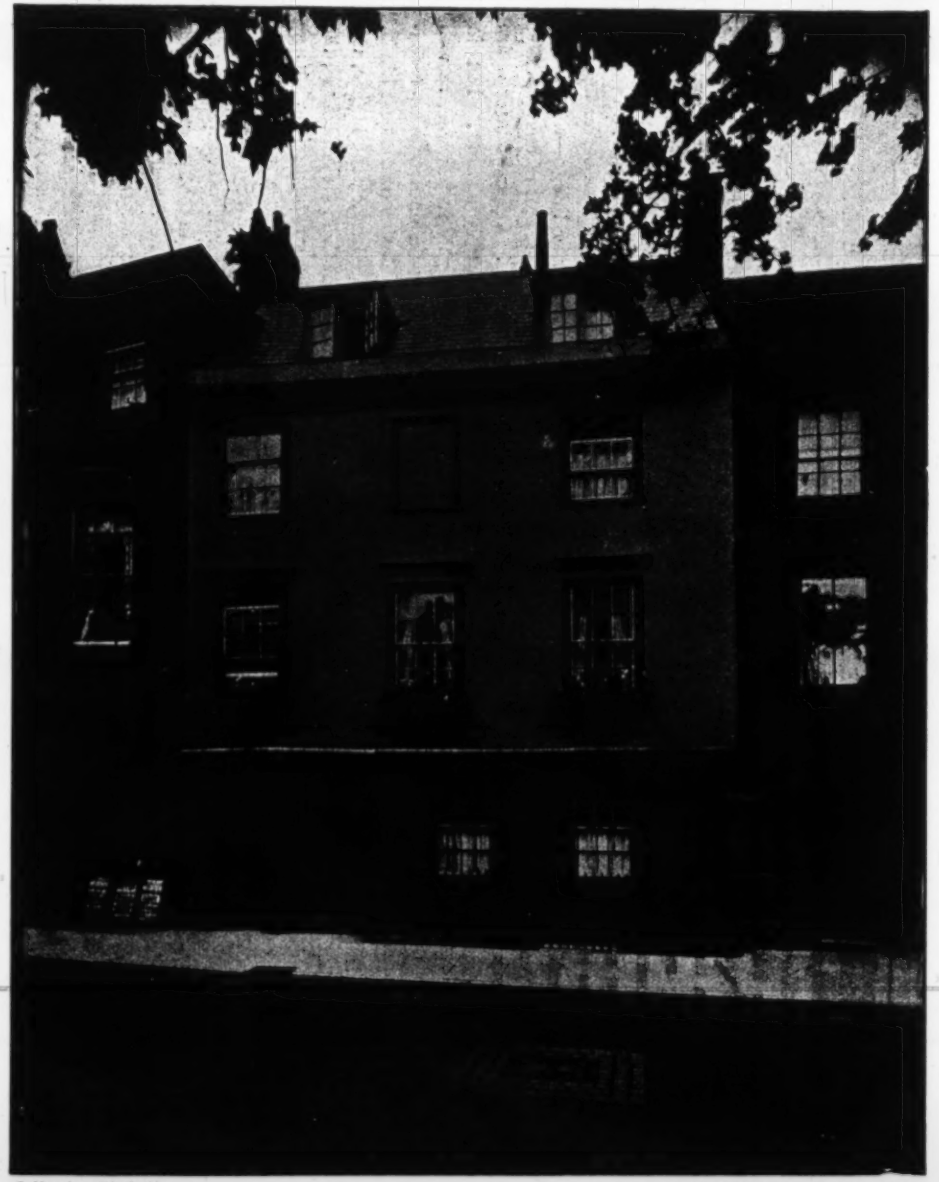
Into this Witches' Cauldron (with the greatest of enchantresses, Oxford, roused from her indifferent fit, and stirring it actively) Pater entered in the fateful year 1858—the very year (to take the most opposed symptoms of change) of "The Defence of Guenevere," and almost the year (it might have been quite) of "The Origin of Species." His first college, Queen's, was not at the time of the most distinguished, in that mysterious order which has nothing to do with age, wealth, numbers, or anything else appreciated by the outsider, and which varies from time to time as mysteriously. It was but two or three years since Mr. Verdant Green had had pointed out to him two Queen's men standing under their cupolaed porch as "confessing their shame"; and the Reverend Edward Bradley, though no Oxford man, had of the things of Oxford a knowledge almost uncannily "extensive and peculiar," as well as accurate. But Queen's was an ancient and famous foundation: it has still some and had then more of those mediæval ceremonies which are among the most powerful spells of the Enchantress; and it is at least a curious coincidence that it was for a time also the college of Addison—between whom and Pater, under superficial differences of period and the like, the *cognoscenti* have always discovered still more remarkable resemblances. But Pater's transference as a fellow to Brasenose (after he had had in common with Newman, Matthew Arnold, and other unfortunate persons, the unforgettable but not perhaps actually disastrous



Collection Rischgitz.

12, Earl's Terrace, Kensington.

The house in which Walter Pater lived from 1886-93.



Collection Rischgitz.

64, St. Giles's, Oxford.

Where Walter Pater died July 30, 1894.

experience of "missing his first"), though it did not give him the incomparable local surroundings which were given by Addison's to Magdalen, changed his atmosphere in the best possible manner. It exposed him (as a don it is true, and not as an undergraduate, but at a time when the absolute partition wall between the two was being much broken down) to all the influences above enumerated, and many others.

In such conditions strong natures either show one or two of the influences strongly, or exhibit a more or less eclectic and independent submission to many of them. I remember that, a year or two after Pater's election to Brasenose but in another college, an abortive scheme was formed of a club not to be limited to any particular college itself, but to consist of men who had got their first in "Mods," who took an interest in as many different things as possible, and who were to be called "The Eclectics." It was as much of a jest as of a regular project; and it did not so much die as remain in embryo. But I think it expressed, with that half conscious caricature which is natural to the undergraduate, a very general tendency of the place. It was as different as possible from the proposition of the earlier Liberal school to "consider everything an open question." On the contrary, you were to take which side you liked on as large a number of questions as possible, and fight like a "Swiss of Heaven" for that.

Pater's own nature was not exactly combative, though it was capable of combativeness; but I must have been very unclear, or my readers must be very unagile in following, if they are not ready to adjust what has been said to what is coming. In a welter of interests and influences like that described, there are hardly more than two life-belts which will keep you fully in the swim, and at ease in it. The one is mere intellectual *understanding* of as many of them as possible—the sort of thing at which Goethe aimed, though he did not quite achieve it. The other is an intelligent, but not merely intellectual *enjoyment* of them all, or of as many of them as your nature makes it possible to enjoy. I need not say that it was the second to which Pater was attracted: or that he achieved something like a philosophy of it. The famous "Neo-Cyrenaicism" (though the name will do it no harm except with the foolish people who dread names as much as the other foolish people affect them) needed not the pre-existence of any Cyrene or of any Aristippus to suggest it. These eclectic interestings of oneself—these "single-instant pleasures"— can easily be co-ordinated. If the application of the system to the Fine Arts took particular prominence in Pater's case, it was partly an accident. Such application is easier there than anywhere else: and at the same time it had been so little done in English that it was tempting. It had been done more as regards literature; but seldom if ever systematically, and with strange shirkings and shrinkings: while the leading literary teacher of Oxford at the moment—Matthew Arnold—was anathematising it in theory at the very same time that he rather leant to it in practice. But Pater carried it much farther than some people, who do not know his work, think. He applied it early and (after a certain interval) late to philosophy proper. To politics he did not: politics, I think, speaking under correction, was his blind side—the side on which he took the liberty (inalienable from humanity) to be obstinately *un*interested in something. (The importance of this blind side is too little recognised; it gives a great rest and refreshment to the system, but it sometimes is found in unfortunate places.) He certainly applied his system to religion: and was most profoundly, sincerely, reverently interested in that. And so of other things, though, no doubt, not of all. The perfecting, refining, illuminating of interest in things—that is the true Paterism. Degradations of it are, of course, easy, and rather disastrously possible. Caricatures of it are also easy, and rather contemptibly obvious. But in itself it seems to me to be a highly respectable, as well as attractive, creed: and I would undertake to reconcile it with the extremest orthodoxies of the best kinds. The more your interests are the better; the higher, the nobler, the purer the subjects of them are, of course, the better; but the main thing is to get *themselves* intensified, purified, ennobled; to make sure that they are *your* interests; to clear the mind in regard to them of convention and of cant; to clear it of confusion and commonplace; to make the flame (in that famous epithet which, with its context, I think he rather unwisely cut out) "gem-like," the essence quintessential, the gold free from alloy. That is the principal thing. Pater and Carlyle are not often thought of together: but it would not be so very difficult to establish a concordat, and something more, between them. And I seem to remember some not unimportant and not infrequent texts of Scripture under which the Paterian of the better kind may take very confident shelter. At any rate, anything more ignorant or absurd than the confusion of the doctrine with a mere dallying in the bowers, if not even wallowing in the styes, of Acrasia it is difficult to conceive. Unscrupulous satire may have encouraged this confusion: false brethren may have encouraged it further by their example; the natural inertia and gullibility of the public mind may have fostered it. But it *is* a confusion and a blunder of the most unpardonable kind: and the worst of it is, as in other similar cases, that it does positive as well as negative harm. It is comparatively unimportant that anybody should misunderstand Pater, and therefore not follow him; it is a very serious thing indeed for the individual, and even for others, that anyone should misunderstand Pater and follow his own misunderstanding.

In this short paper it would be impossible to apply what has been said to the different books; but the paper on its own scheme would be quite incomplete without some application to the famous "Style." It is here that Pater's own temperament comes in—that *l'homme même* takes up the illustration of the man's system. To what extent and how early the influence of Flaubert exerted itself is matter of controversy. By the date of the great "Essay on Style"—a thing which, however one may differ with some of its conclusions, and dispute some of its premisses, is one of the few capital documents on the subject, and which has a skeleton of hard argument as rigid and all-pervading as the iron girder framework of some modern buildings—there cannot be

much doubt about the matter. Flaubert's theory, as well as his practice, was matter of common knowledge by that time. But the practice, in Pater's case, must have been known much earlier. "Madame Bovary" was published in 1859, the next year after he went up; "Salammbô," a more important document for mere style, appeared in the year in which he took his degree. In 1866 the agitation about Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" set us all exploring through Gautier and Baudelaire to Flaubert. But I do not think that the Flaubertian guidance was at all necessary. That Pater had a gift of style is not a proposition which needs any arguing. That the direction which the gift took was the direction most consonant to that attitude of mind which has been described cannot require very much. The attainment of the "single-instant pleasure" reflects itself in its own expression. You discard the unnecessary; you refuse the conventional; you insist on adequacy and idiosyncracy. It is the Impressionism of which we have heard so much since: but an Impressionism *à la* Velasquez, not an Impressionism *à la* —I shall leave the reader to fill up the gap with any contemporary name or names that he may think most suitable. In particular, Pater was almost the first, since the great writers of the seventeenth century, to allow for and to supply suggestion and atmosphere. Even Landor, even De Quincey did not succeed in taking — perhaps did not attempt to take—the inheritance of Sir Thomas Browne as he did. Their agates and cornelians are exquisitely coloured, exquisitely shaped, exquisitely polished: but they are not seen through a medium of shimmering water as, in their different ways, Browne's and his are. And so their magic is less. The immortal and miraculous passage of the "Lionardo" Essay about landscape —which everybody religiously and rightly quotes, and which, to those who read it originally, never loses its power of realising phantasm, as Mephistopheles did for Faustus—is but the chief example of this among many. Here Pater was no doubt indebted to his date, in the sense that he could cross Browne with Ruskin, as Landor and De Quincey could not. But the result, like all good crosses, is practically original.

Collection Rischgitz. **Walter Pater's Grave in St. Giles's Cemetery, Oxford.**

Here also the degradations and the caricatures were obvious and certain. It is not more than two or three weeks since I read a sentence clearly Pateresque in intention. If you read it cursorily or sleepily it sounded and looked rather nice; when the waking and attentive mind came to examine it, there was no real meaning, no real suggestiveness whatever. It was pure *galimatias*: in fact, it would have had some merit if it had been, as it evidently was not, designed parody. But parody proves nothing. You can parody some of the best things and some of the worst; others of both classes are quite invulnerable to the process. As with the Paterian thought, so with the Paterian expression, the corruptions and offences, though it must needs be that they come, affect the virtue of the thing not at all. Even the thought and the expression themselves are not indissolubly connected; the instance of Coleridge, another great analogue of Pater's and a favourite with him, shows that the thought might have existed independently of the phrase.

The canon of the canon—the interior cabinet of Pater's works—seems to me to consist of the first edition of the "Studies," "Marius the Epicurean," and the "Appreciations." The "Imaginary Portraits," and "Emerald Uthwart," with "Gaston de Latour" are interesting, but a little out of the author's true line: and do not always exhibit his perfect command of style. "Plato and Platonism," the "Greek Studies," and the "Miscellaneous Studies" are valuable as side-lights chiefly, and not to be easily applied by those who have not absolutely assimilated the first three: while the "Essays from the Guardian" always remind me of those "pasted-up" proofs, prepared for indefinite expansion and revision, with which some writers are familiar, and which Balzac used to the great benefit of his readers, and the infinite non-benefit of his publishers and his purse. The omission of the "Conclusion" of the "Studies" proper and original was extremely creditable to Pater as a man, and showed how far he was from that mere attitude of dogged pose which inferior people think so fine. It is also true that "Marius the Epicurean" does supply its place, though, in consequence of the subject, after a fashion which renders fresh misconceptions not so much probable as certain. The great unwritten page—the *scène à faire*, but never *faite*—would have been a new Conclusion embodying that return to the religious influence of his earlier days, which is acknowledged as having taken place; which is really foreshadowed in the original Conclusion itself; but which there is capable of being overlooked as probable or certain by hasty or prejudiced readers. But what is the use of considering the hasty and the prejudiced? The final word in that

matter was spoken by Father Abraham long ago in circumstances disastrous to his interlocutor, but of infinite meaning and warning to others. If you cannot construe Pater aright from the "Studies," the "Marius," and the "Appreciations" he himself would do you very little good if he could arise and speak afresh, with whatever considerations and correctives.

For myself, I never have had, and never could have, the slightest hesitation in recommending (though I always feel it rather impertinent to "recommend") the study of such a writer and such a thinker to every one who possesses sense and wit. One may sometimes disagree with him, and more often think that his view wants expanding and varying. But in literature (I do not pretend to speak of other kinds of art with technical knowledge) I know no one who supplies at once so much stimulus, and so much practical help, with such a range of illustrative enjoyment into the bargain. And apart from literature—in almost the widest ranges of thought and life—I can see no reason why his method should not be applied with an infinite gain of satisfaction to the soul as well as to the senses: and with no necessary—with no even probable—prospect of disaster, except in cases where disaster was antecedently all but certain.

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of ten epigrams from the works of living writers.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the six best critical appreciations of Pope by English authors. The quotations, which should be brief, may be chosen from prose or verse.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Miss A. N. GILL, 5, Kelross Road, Highbury, N.

THE JUNGLE. By UPTON SINCLAIR.

Titania. Say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease.
Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1, 34.

Mr. Upton's novel suggested many quotations, of which the following are the best:—

And now about the cauldron sing . . .
Enchanting all that you put in. *Macbeth*, iv. 1, 41.
(By the prize-winner.)

Sir, I will eat no meat.—*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.
(Miss I. BUTCHART, Barrow-in-Furness.)

By my troth, I cannot abide the smell of meat since
Merry Wives, i. 297.
(D. M. BAILLIE, 21, Braidburn Crescent, Edinburgh.)

Other quotations submitted were:—

THE BLACK MOTOR 'BUS. By HARRIS BURLAND.

The rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.—*Merry Wives*, iii. 5.
(Miss B. O. ANDERSON, Scarborough.)

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN: AN HONEST BIOGRAPHY.
By A. MACKINTOSH.

Yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.
Hamlet, ii. 2, 204.
(J. H. RICHARDSON, 36, College Green, Dublin.)

THE POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY OF MEREDITH.
By G. M. TREVELYAN.

Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.
Twelfth Night, i. 5, 204.
(FRANK WALTERS, 68, Maple Terrace, Newcastle.)

OLIVIA'S SHOPPING, AND HOW SHE DOES IT.
By H. MORTEN.

Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome.—1 *Henry VIII.*, i. 122.
(Miss C. JAMESON, 48, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the three best parallel quotations from Shakespeare, Milton and Dante has been gained by Mrs. BORTON, Laudor House, St. Cross, Winchester:—

1. The apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Richard II., i. 3.

2. How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruit?
Paradise Lost, Book II., 284.

3. No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
Divine Comedy. Inferno, Canto V., 121 (Cary's Trans.).

The following more familiar quotations were submitted by six competitors:—Rev. W. BREWS, Miss C. JAMESON, Mrs. FRANK ELLIOTT, Mrs. MILTON BROAD, Miss L. GRAY, Miss B. O. ANDERSON.

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.
Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, act iii., sc. 1.

And feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes—extremes by change more fierce
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their swift etherial warmth, and there to pine
Immovable infixed and frozen round.
Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II., 600.

Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice.
Dante's Inferno, III., 82.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the six best specimens of rustic philosophy or wit from novels by living writers has been gained by "Fidelio,"

Hampstead, who is requested to send name and address.

1. Mrs. Berry (to a young bride): "Mind me and mark me: don't neglect your cookery. Kissing don't last; cookery do."—*From "Richard Feverel," George Meredith. (Just after Lucy's wedding.)*

2. Mrs. Candy (who suffers from indigestion, at a village tea party): "When I looks up and sees nothin' but maunch-cake and buttered buns, I says, 'The Lord's will be done! If I must be ill, I must.' So I takes both!"—*From "Fuel of Fire," Ellen T. Fowler, page* 65.

3. Mrs. Hankey: "Husbands are like new boots—you can't tell where they're going to pinch you till it's too late to change 'em."—*From "The Farringdons," Ellen T. Fowler, page* 44.

4. Mrs. Candy (*re* neighbours): "It's a wunnerful help sometimes bearin' what they say of us, though we mayn't enjoy it at the time."—*From "Fuel of Fire," by Ellen T. Fowler, page* 235.

5. Mrs. Hankey (on the preferability of "any sort of a husband rather than none"): "Life is made up of noughts and crosses, and the folks that get the crosses are better off than those that get the noughts, though that husbands *are* crosses I can't pretend to deny."—*From "The Farringdons," by Ellen T. Fowler, page* 49.

6. Butcher Billing (at a village feast): "Life wants watering." ("Here's a health," etc., etc.)—*From "Rhoda Fleming," George Meredith, page* 144.

IV.—THE PRIZE of a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestions has not been awarded this month.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."—POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

"POPE is the eternal embellisher of common-sense, common life, and just thinking; every line is a maxim or portrait." Many greater writers than Hannah More have honoured themselves by honouring Pope, but we may go far without finding a juster epitome of Pope's excellences and limitations than this tribute from the very minor poetess whom Johnson called the greatest versificatrix in the language. After Shakespeare and Milton no writer has added so largely to the general stock of quotations as Pope. The majority of these are in the form of single lines or couplets. It is rarely that a passage of any length from Pope will bear the scrutiny of analysis. The parts were ever more to him than the whole. His wit is a chain of crystal beads strung on a filament of design.

"The question," says Hazlitt, "whether Pope was a poet has hardly yet been settled, and is hardly worth settling." In Hazlitt's time the question had an interest and a significance which it no longer possesses. For Pope marks the culminating point of the classical school of English poetry, and when the Romantic triumph came, he was dis-throned with unnecessary violence and uproar. All the faults of the school and its disciples were visited on the master, and in many quarters no credit was given for the surpassing brilliance of his technique. Among the poets, Byron, among the critics, Hazlitt, were resolute in his defence, and later opinion may be summed up in Mark Pattison's familiar dictum: "As a *poet*, Pope is surpassed by many in our language; as a literary artist, by Gray alone." This is not really different from Hazlitt's conclusions, deduced from his useful distinction between the poetry of nature and the poetry of art. After all is said that can be said in praise of perfection of form, the fact remains that it can never prove a passport into the innermost shrine of the poet's temple of fame. One perfect lyric will unlock the door barred to a thousand aphorisms.

In the strictest sense, most of Pope's original poetry may be called occasional. To have mastered its allusions is a liberal education in the scandals and personalities of the time. Pope's confession of his political faith is a tissue of inconsistencies, but he deviates into truth in the lines:

"Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song."

Instead of speeding on "the viewless wings of poesy," Pope kept lurking at the corner of Grub Street with a stiletto in his hand.

Like so many of our greatest poets, Pope was a Londoner, the son of a wealthy city merchant. Being a Catholic, he was necessarily educated at home, where, under a succession of priests, he received a fair classical training, which stopped short of accurate scholarship. As a boy he was a diligent student of English poetry, and was specially attracted by Spenser, and Waller, and Dryden. While still in his teens he came under the influence of Wycherley, the dramatist, who introduced him to "the town." A more disreputable mentor it would have been hard to find. After due allowance has been made for the spirit of the age, we may safely refer most of the coarseness which occasionally disfigures Pope's verse to the influence of this aged and unrepentant rake. Pope's moral character stands in need of a liberal allowance of whitewash. His painful physical deformity was accompanied by a general moral obliquity, which rendered him quite unable to run straight. He said of himself, that he could "equivocate pretty genteelly," but this was the understatement of an unusual modesty.

By the age of twelve Pope was busy with translations and imitations. His first published work, the "Pastorals," appeared when he was twenty-one. These poems were only exercises in what was almost already an obsolete form, but gave proof of the zeal with which Pope had studied Waller and Dryden. To the same year belongs the "Essay on Criticism," which still remains the most serviceable guide to prosody for young poets. Pope stole for it with both hands from Aristotle and Longinus and Boileau, but he served up the rules with such epigrammatic point and vigour as to give the poem the character of an indispensable mnemonic. Four years later he had so established himself in the famous coterie at Button's coffee-house that he contributed the prologue to Addison's "Cato." In 1712 appeared "The Rape of the Lock," the greatest example in English literature of a mock-heroic poem. It has never been rivalled as a "poem of art," and it is Pope's greatest achievement in constructive imagination. The satire in the poem is tempered with perfect skill to the porcelain fragility of its subject, and the poet had, fortunately, no opportunity for displaying his genius for personalities and bitter jibes. The mock gravity of this epic of the boudoir is sustained with the power of Swift, but Pope had no indignation to conceal under his playful irony. If he had anything to conceal under the pretence of being amused it was his indisputable interest in such matters as the secrets of Belinda's toilette. Pope never again had a subject so congenial to his powers.

In perfection of versification Pope never excelled the two short poems, "Eloisa to Abelard," and the "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," which are also remarkable for a sincerity of emotion nowhere else exhibited by Pope—except as regards the sincerity of his vituperation. Between the years 1715-20 Pope was engaged on what has proved his most enduring work, the translation of the Iliad. Bentley anticipated a legion of critics when he called it "a pretty poem, but you must not call it Homer." From the scholar's point of view this verdict could easily be maintained. Generations of schoolboys have found to their disappointment that it is not a reliable "crib." But the same generations of schoolboys, weary of construing, have read Pope's Iliad with avidity, and have caught from it an enthusiasm for poetry and chivalry and romance. On a question of scholarship it is vain to cite Christopher North against the opinion of Bentley. But he is at least a brilliant spokesman for the general reader. In his essays on Homer he compares the translations of Chapman, Pope, Cowper, Worsley, and Lord Derby, and as often as not, when a noble passage is in question, the palm is awarded to the version

From a Painting by Kneller. **Alexander Pope.**

Martha Blount.

of Pope. The translation of the Odyssey was less successful. A large part of it is not Pope's at all, but the work of his understudies, Broome and Fenton. From the entire undertaking Pope derived the splendid reward of nearly ten thousand pounds.

Indirectly, the work involved Pope in his most celebrated literary feud—the precursor of many to come. His old enemy, John Dennis, attacked Addison's "Cato," and Pope retaliated on Dennis. Addison, in his superior way, treated his self-elected champion coldly, and Pope's jealous mind suspected Addison of being the godfather of Tickell's projected rival translation of the Iliad. The result was war to the knife, not only with Addison but with Dennis and all the men of Grub Street. Gradually the poet's revenge took shape as "The Dunciad." Lewis Theobald, the over-rated Shakespearean emendator, had thrown stones at Pope's edition of the dramatist's works, and was accordingly made the hero of the satire. In a later edition, when Pope had found a new object of resentment, Theobald vacated the throne in favour of Colley Cibber. "The Dunciad" is unique in literature for its sustained virulence. Sometimes it rises into splendid verse adorned with the most pungent wit. But the melancholy comment on it as a whole is that it can be understood only by reference to a key. It is a cemetery of witlings and forgotten poetasters, over whose graves the grass has grown so long as to obliterate even their very names. Here and there there are monuments such as Defoe's, on which Pope's offensive comments have no more value than the chalkings of a vulgar schoolboy. Critics have talked of the need of a new "Dunciad." Of dunces there is always a good store, and when Grub Street changed its name ironically to Milton Street, the dunces still endured. But it is open to question if this is a work ever worth doing. Dunces are best left to die in peace, and the poet had best leave the butterfly-net to the entomologist.

Pope the philosopher was much less satisfactory than Pope the translator of Homer. His philosophy he derived from Bolingbroke, himself a sciolist. To deduce a system from "The Essay on Man" is as vain as to look for enlightenment on Plato from Dr. Emil Reich. It is a wonderful farrago of moral reflections clothed in splendid verse, but, as Hazlitt remarked, the poem affords equal grounds for believing that "whatever is, is right," and "whatever is, is wrong." Pope's artistry exceeded his knowledge. His forte was translation—either of other poets' works, or of other men's opinions. He was never so original as when he was virulent. His last poems, the imitations of Horace, reveal him at his best. They are a blend of paraphrase and loose translation. The poet's course was marked out for him, and he succeeded so well as almost to establish a new form in English verse. The "Epistle to Arbuthnot" does honour to Horace, and has no English equal.

The story of Pope's letters belongs to the criminal investigation department of our literature. It is a tangled and rather a pitiful story, and so skilfully did the poet conceal his tracks that he was not discovered for nearly a century. The sum and substance of the record is that Pope "faked" his correspondence. While deprecating its publication, he secretly instigated it. He stooped to meannesses unutterable. And in spite of this, so strange is human nature, Pope was essentially of a loyal and loving nature. His filial piety remains a shining example, and he made, and retained, troops of friends. His physical deformity, and the conditions which his religion imposed on his early education, reared up barriers between him and his fellows. They also gave a finer edge to his natural tendency towards invective and stratagem. There never was such a scourge of dunces. But there also never lived a man who immortalised his friends in such splendid compliments expressed in deathless verse.

RANGER.

Some suggested texts and reference books:—

Hazlitt's Essays on Poetry. By D. Nichol Smith. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Pope. Selected Poems. Ed. G. Soutar. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

Pope. Essay on Man. Ed. Mark Pattison. 1s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

Pope. Satires and Epistles. Ed. Mark Pattison. 2s. (Clarendon Press.)

Gosse. Eighteenth Century Literature. 6s. (Macmillan.)

New Books.

PHILOSOPHY AT OXFORD.*

A peculiar interest always belongs to the type of thought prevalent at Oxford. Various circumstances—partly academic, partly of a more general social kind—give the ideas taught in the lecture-room easy access to the great world. The conditions favour the formation of a school of thought, and give opportunity for its influence to spread. It is some forty years since T. H. Green is said to have observed "what a field Oxford opens to those who have a faith to communicate." In a short time his own teaching proved the truth of his remark: the ideas which he expounded became the creed of the schools. The influences which affected him were at work on other thinkers of the day, in Oxford as elsewhere. Exponents of opposed systems found themselves in a backwater, as the current of what is loosely called Anglo-Hegelianism swept on. Disciples of marked ability grew up to continue the teaching in the University, or to apply the inspiration they had got to various departments of practical life. Even Green's early death did not stop the movement. His posthumous "Prolegomena to Ethics" gave it a new impetus. It was the first systematic and constructive treatise of the school. Its spiritual insight and moral enthusiasm encouraged adherents who hitherto had to gather the principles of their faith from lectures on ancient classics or criticisms of empirical philosophy. And its logical defects might be overlooked, or set down to the lack of final revision by the author. Even the appearance, during the next few years, of Mr. F. H. Bradley's chief works, seemed only to swell the force of the same movement of thought. It was obvious that Mr. Bradley was a keener dialectician than Green, and that he was unaffected by the latter's practical enthusiasms. But to a large extent he criticised the same errors; he was quite as much under Hegelian influence; and he used much of the same Hegelian terminology. It took time for the Oxonian—and for others—to see that his system was fundamentally different from Green's, that if Mr. Bradley was right Green's metaphysic was an illusion, and its practical applications no better than popular moralising. Meanwhile Mr. Bradley had come to be regarded as the leader of Idealism in Oxford, or even in England.

The book before us, written by an Oxford resident, is an elaborate attack upon the whole type of philosophy which Mr. Bradley represents, and in especial upon Mr. Bradley's own speculations. We should be inclined to regard it as high treason, if it had not much more the appearance of proclaiming a revolution which is bound to be successful in destroying the old supremacy, though the future form of government may remain uncertain. As the title of the book suggests, its aim is constructive as well as critical. The indications of construction are, however, too slight to call for much notice. They rather indicate a point of view than explain or defend any doctrine. The work is essentially a criticism, and should be judged as such.

Mr. Sturt writes with much literary skill. He is also refreshingly free in his criticisms. Perhaps his expressions are sometimes freer than those to which the staid muse of philosophy is usually accustomed. But Mr. Bradley is himself a past master of all forms of criticism, and is not likely to complain. "If we are to choose among absolutisms," says Mr. Sturt, "there is a good deal to be said for Mr. Bradley's. Its merit is that it *does* include the feeling-element—a tang of devilry, a fling of fury and disgust, a passionate deviation from the just line of beauty and truth, in short, the flesh. Mr. Bradley is quite right in throwing Hegel over; the Hegelian universe is a wretchedly tiresome, bloodless affair."

This passage indicates the most important point in the author's interpretation of Mr. Bradley. He insists on taking seriously what Mr. Bradley says about feeling supplying us with a positive idea of that which alone is truly real—the Absolute, or Reality. Volition cannot give us an idea of the Absolute; for volition, as explained by Mr. Bradley, is only the self-realisation of an idea, and is thus reducible to

* "Idola Theatri: a Criticism of Oxford Thought and Thinkers, from the Standpoint of Personal Idealism." By Henry Sturt. Pp. xvii., 344. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

Pope's Memorial Tablet, Twickenham.

Alexander Pope is buried in the centre aisle of Twickenham Parish Church. The tablet erected to his memory is inscribed with an epitaph composed by himself.

From the Painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.

Pope and Mrs. Montagu.

terms of intellect or thought. Nor can thought or reason give us an idea of it, for thought (so far as we know it) works by relations, and without relations is inconceivable. And relation, says Mr. Bradley, involves contradiction, and is thus out of touch with reality. This, indeed, is the doctrine which distinguishes Mr. Bradley's view from Hegel and all others whom Hegel has influenced, and which would make the universe as envisaged by Green into "mere appearance." For this reason Mr. Bradley seeks a positive basis for his theory of the Absolute in feeling. But Mr. Bradley holds that feeling only gives us an idea of the "immediateness" of the Absolute; the Absolute cannot be, like feeling in our experience, below the level of distinction and relation. "The Absolute is immediate as holding and transcending these relationships." This is familiar terminology; but Mr. Sturt insists on a meaning for the terms. "To put it plainly," he says, "the Bradleian Absolute is irrational, we must even say anti-rational. I know that Mr. Bradley would protest that it is super-rational; but protestation is vain in scientific argument. We know one form of reason, and one only, the human. If Mr. Bradley had taken the line of certain theologians and maintained simply that the Absolute's reason is diverse from man's, he would have made it non-rational; he would have posited a mere negation or privation. But he has gone beyond this; he has deliberately selected the least rational element of human experience, and told us that it typifies the mind of the Absolute. This changes the privative into the contrary; instead of merely non-rational he makes the Absolute anti-rational."

Perhaps it may seem that Mr. Sturt presses this doctrine of "Feeling-Absolutism" upon Mr. Bradley unduly. Mr. Bradley has not adopted it; he even asserts that the Absolute is "above" not "below" relations; but he has not been able to give any clear meaning to these terms "above" and "below," so as to distinguish the irrationality of the Absolute from the irrationality of feeling. In other criticisms Mr. Sturt goes over ground already traversed. But he is often felicitous in his phrasing. Thus, of Mr. Bradley's "scepticism" he says, "the common sceptic argues that nothing is to be trusted because everything is irrational; but, according to Mr. Bradley, everything is to be distrusted just so far as it is rational." The distinctions of truth and error, beauty and ugliness, good and bad, are not absolute for Mr. Bradley. But the Absolute which "appears" in error as in truth, in ugliness as in beauty, in evil as in good, is perfect. Mr. Bradley even lays stress on the error and evil, so that his critic retorts, "You cannot prove that the New Jerusalem is golden by throwing mud at your own dwelling-place."

I have not attempted to give a full account of a book which contains an extremely interesting discussion of recent philosophy. Mr. Bradley is its central figure; and its attitude to Mr. Bradley alone has been brought out in this notice, while no attempt has been made to follow out the details of the criticism. If it shows no great appreciation of his philosophy, it may be said that the book is meant to be critical; but a single quotation from its conclusion shows that appreciation is not entirely wanting:

"There are some who have thought that scepticism is the last word of Mr. Bradley's book, and that a more appropriate title for it would be the *Disappearance of Reality*; others have suspected that the only function of the Absolute is to give Mr. Bradley opening for a long series of bitter and destructive comments on things that common humanity holds dear. . . For my part, however, I think that such a line of criticism fails to do justice to the subtleties of the mystic temperament: I am convinced of the depth and strength of Mr. Bradley's belief, hard as it may be for us to formulate that belief in coldly logical terms."

W. R. SORLEY.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.*

In giving the title "Napoleon" to their ninth instalment the editors, no doubt, have done a bold if obvious thing, whose justification can be most tersely expressed in their own words. The volume "naturally takes its title from the name of the man whose actions form the principal part of its theme. No other period in modern history . . . . was so completely dominated by a single personality." Broadly, the volume covers the period from 1799, the Consulate, down to Waterloo and the Congresses of Vienna, and if it is urged that the domination of Europe by the personality and State-system of Napoleon really commences two years earlier in the period covered by a preceding volume called "The French Revolution," or cannot be considered to be established so early as 1799, with sufficient strength to label a title-deed with a single name, such objections are not more weighty or reasonable than those which can always be urged against any division into historical periods for the purpose of assigning descriptive titles. Criticism based on such objection invariably tends to degenerate into logic-chopping, futile in itself and calculated to attribute more importance to the ingenuity of the critic than to the fundamental essentials of the subject matter. We are all surely agreed that any division into epochs is intrinsically arbitrary, and that all titles are perhaps question-begging predicates, which is not the same as admitting that they are a necessary evil, or that it is simply the time-honoured balance of recognised disadvantages. A more plausible line of criticism may perhaps be found in the argument that the title assumes too much, and may ultimately be found to involve unnecessary alteration in the correctness of the historical perspective. The subject-matter of the volume in question is broadly European history from 1799-1815. In plain words, it aims at describing the causes, methods and results of the colossal changes in the European State system within a well-marked division of time. No historical student of that period could deny that the direct results of Napoleon's actions and personality are probably unexampled in their magnitude, scale and importance. But how far it is legitimate to assume that the indirect results—if they are really results—can also be correctly termed Napoleonic, is not so easy to answer. Moscow to Lisbon, Stockholm to Syracuse, Cape Clear to Mauritius and Nepal, that is at least the theatre during these momentous sixteen years, a theatre crowded with events, illustrating a bewildering complexity of causes, admittedly differing alike in their nature, their origin, their strength and their effects. But how many of these are essentially "Napoleonic"? The eight hundred solid pages of this volume supply an illuminating answer, and by no means in the affirmative. But let us take a single example—the Congress of Vienna. If it comes correctly under the personal title of "Napoleon," if "the political unity" "which reached its climax in that assembly" "is not the least of the benefits that may be traced to the hand of Napoleon," are we not in serious danger of mistaking names for things, and of so extending the theory of indirect effects to explain the operation of a single cause that it loses its value altogether, and must we not expect volume x. also to be called "Napoleon," because by an equally cogent line of argument the doctrine of nationality, the unification of Germany and of Italy, the consolidation and extension of the British Empire, and a dozen other results of capital importance "are not the least of the benefits that may be traced to the hand of Napoleon," quite as much as the re-establishment of Austria in Italy, or the absorption of Poland by Russia? The State system, it may also be remarked, legislatively provided by the Congresses and Treaties of Vienna, was a system fundamentally anti-Napoleonic; it corresponded neither with his ambitions nor his principles; it is, indeed, the flat negation of them, and we can fancy M. Sorel, with the ink of the last chapter of his brilliant "Europe et la Révolution Française" scarcely dry, and the eight volumes that precede it for proof, contending as he has contended, that to bestride the period with the name of Napoleon is to ignore demonstrable facts and highly probable conclusions. Be that as it may, would not a pedantic alteration, "The Age of Napoleon," meet critics as formidable as M. Sorel? For between the title, "The Age of Napoleon," and "Napoleon," lies much more than three words.

The form of the Cambridge Modern History is now so well known that it would be sheer waste of time to raise again a question, never at any time profitable, as to the desirability of syndicating the writing of history. Not the least valuable feature in this great co-operative work is the Bibliographies. But is it too late even now for a humble inquirer to plead that the value of these Bibliographies would be vastly increased if the various contributors were permitted to refer occasionally in a footnote to their authorities in controversial matters? These contributors are frequently specialists of acknowledged eminence, to whose judgments students look, but under the present scheme it is not only often impossible

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. IX.—Napoleon. 16s. net. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

The Gardens of Pope's Villa, showing the famous Cedar Trees.

Pope's Villa at Twickenham.

The Entrance to Pope's Grotto at his Villa in Twickenham.

Collection Rischgitz.

Pope's House at Binfield, Berkshire.

except at vast labour to identify quotations of critical importance, still less to discriminate how far a conclusion rests on evidence in archives known only to the specialist, and therefore new. Similarly, it is equally impossible to judge whether a writer has really had the literature so copiously specified before him in arriving at his verdict. For example, in Mr. Wilson's article on the Trafalgar Campaign, the highly controversial problem of the strategy and tactics of the battle is practically put on one side. That Mr. Wilson is familiar with the theories of Colomb, Bridge, Newbolt, Laughton, Corbett, and Thursfield, must be taken for granted. Six lines in a footnote, however, would have left the symmetry of the narrative intact; they would also have indicated the crucial points of the controversy. Nor can I find any reference in the Bibliography to the remarkable articles in the *Times* of September and October, 1905, whose authorship is an open secret, and which, whatever may be their value, are an indispensable commentary on "The Fighting Instructions."

The editors may be cordially congratulated on the "band of brothers" whose contributions make up the volume. The Continent is represented by Professors Pariset, Guilland, Pflugk-Hartung, Stschepkin, and Major-General Keim; Oxford by Mr. Fisher, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Wickham-Legg, and Professors Oman and Egerton; Cambridge by two of its most distinguished representatives, the Master of Peterhouse and Dr. Holland Rose, and by Mr. Gooch; the British army by the equally competent pen of Colonel Lloyd. Preferences every student must have; if a personal opinion be worth anything I should single out the contributions of Dr. Ward and Mr. Fisher respectively as having conferred a boon on all students, and even if the other chapters in the volume did not provide, as they do, a series of valuable essays, a teacher could unhesitatingly recommend his students to buy the volume in order to master what Dr. Ward and Mr. Fisher have to say. Mr. Fisher's chapter, in particular on "The Codes," may be safely regarded as a model of what such a contribution should be, compressing as it does, into thirty brilliant pages on a subject involving the study of a vast literature information, criticism, and the verdict of the philosophic historian. Dr. Ward's two studies on the Congress of Vienna are remarkable, if it is not impertinent to say so, not merely for their learning and mastery of the labyrinth, but for the clearness with which the issues are disentangled, and for the temperate criticism of the objects and results of the diplomatists. On two points only would a student perhaps invite further guidance. M. Sorel, in a chapter to which allusion has already been made, has, with his customary crispness and charm of style, summarised his thirty years' study of Revolutionary and Napoleonic Europe in a singularly tempting hypothesis, expressed in a still more tempting formula. If his hypothesis be correct the student perforce must believe that the general line taken in volumes viii. and ix. of the Cambridge Modern History fails in its grasp of the true character of the forces at work, and ultimately places both the Revolution, Napoleon, and the Congress of Vienna in a false perspective. If it is too delightfully simple and plausible, too essentially based on an estimate of French genius, intelligible and acceptable only to the French mind, who could be a sounder critic than Dr. Ward? And secondly, even after weighing the grave defects in the settlement of Vienna, enumerated so impartially by Dr. Ward, a broad question ultimately remains. The gravamen of the charge against the diplomatists is not that they did not base their series of complicated compromises on a perfectly intelligible system of political ideas and principles, but that they deliberately utilised results achieved by the forces, doctrines and ideas to which the nineteenth century belonged, to defeat those forces, and extirpate if possible those very ideas. Talleyrand's famous retort in another connection to Hardenberg and Humboldt, "Que fait ici le droit publique? Il fait que vous y êtes," neatly summarises this indictment, made at the time by contemporary critics and often repeated since by responsible historians. This broad charge, going to the root of the matter, that a still more durable settlement on very different lines might have been established, is not, as far as I can gather, explicitly discussed by Dr. Ward. But on our answer to it turns our judgment both on the whole anti-Napoleonic movement and the statesmanship of Castlereagh and Metternich. If it were possible for a single pen to review the results of a dozen specialists, which it is not, considerations of space forbid the attempt. Let it therefore be briefly noted that Professor Oman's article on Waterloo will, and with ample justification, fail to satisfy alike M. Houssaye and the present German Emperor, that his chapter on the Peninsular war anticipates the completion of the great history now in progress, and that it is not very easy to understand the principles on which the British history of the period has been treated in the volume. Certain sections, *e.g.*, the naval operations, the Continental system, the growth of British power in India, and the colonies, as well as a chapter by Mr. Gooch on Great Britain and Ireland, 1792-1815, are included in the unity provided by "Napoleon." British foreign policy also is touched upon in several other chapters. It is clear, therefore, that the term "Napoleon" is not interpreted as meaning exclusively only Continental history. But it is equally clear that a good many chapters in the Napoleonic story still remain to be written. How far that unity which the editors justifiably emphasise can be adequately explained by leaving out much of the part played by Great Britain suggests some serious misgivings. That the method adopted involves practical inconveniencies for the student may be seen in two or three examples. Dr. Rose's chapter on the Continental system breaks off rather abruptly because the end of the system has already been told in a chapter in volume vii.; in chapters iii. and iv. the negotiations that led to the peace of Amiens, and the rupture of that peace so far as Great Britain is concerned have to become a side issue in Professor Guilland's contribution; the story of the Peninsular war has to be related as a purely military episode divorced from the political situation in England; Mr. Gooch analyses the Irish question from the outbreak of the war to the Congress of Vienna, and perforce must discuss statesmen and their policy without being able to correlate their acts fully with equally important and synchronous events. Nor is it explained why Ireland (1792-1815) is so intrinsically bound up with the Napoleonic drama that it has been singled out for exceptional and isolated treatment. One more carping objection. Has Prussian and German history—apart from military campaigns—received quite its proportionate share? The bankruptcy and reconstruction of the Frederician State, as recent German writers sum up the period from 1795-1812, seem to demand a detailed and separate chapter. It is always easy to pick holes in the results of an editor's thankless task. The vast mass of the detail dealt with in this volume cannot profitably be appreciated except by elaborate and lengthy examination; the choice of subjects and the allotment of the respective proportions will probably not please everyone unreservedly. But that it is a volume of immense value to every student, superior to that on the French Revolution, will, I feel sure, be agreed to by all in a position to be grateful for so weighty a contribution to the history of modern Europe.

C. Grant Robertson.

A CANADIAN POET.*

Although we on this side of the Atlantic rather pride ourselves on being a more romantic people, less materialistic, less soullessly practical, than the Americans are, we agree among ourselves, in the main, that poetry is an aberration to be smiled at or left severely alone because, however harmless it may be, there is no money in it. The poet has become a stock joke of our comic papers; they depict him as a hungry, mad, long-haired creature who passes his life in getting thrown downstairs or out of window by wise and busy editors who desire to escape the trouble of reading what he has written. He serves, moreover, to brighten the pages of serious and more literary journals that, filching the good jest from the comic press, refer to him persistently as the "Spring Poet," unless he puts his book out in the autumn, when they have so many novels to deal with that they cannot find room to refer to him at all.

It is curious that whilst with us Poetry has thus become a mere literary Cinderella, filling odd corners in some magazines and not allowed into others at any price or none, in the Americas the poet cuts quite a dignified figure, gets paid for his work as if it were as important as sensational fiction is, and, instead of being just tolerated and shown into back seats, ranks with principal contributors and is run after, rather than otherwise, and doesn't find it necessary to

* "The Collected Poems of Wilfred Campbell." 6s. (Revell.)

run away. And though Poetry there enjoys the privileges and honours that were accorded in the fable to the ugly sisters of Cinderella, the parallel holds good only to that extent, for the encouragement so given to this noblest and least respected of the arts is amply justified by the results.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell needs no introduction, at this time of day, to anyone sufficiently interested in modern poetry to read it; he is in the first flight of living Canadian poets; the critics of Canada and the United States have already hall-marked this collected edition of his work with their unanimous praise, and Mr. Carnegie has shown his appreciation of what is worthy in present-day literature by purchasing five hundred copies of it. Which is all as it should be.

If one is to be exacting, I am not sure that Mr. Campbell has been quite severe enough with himself; he has included nothing here that does not reach a certain level of poetical merit, but the average would have been higher, and the total effect more impressive, if he had rigorously narrowed his choice. At the same time, one would not readily lose the quiet thought of such a poem as that of "Work," though in both substance and expression it counts with his second best.

Mr. Campbell says in a prefatory note, "there is no doubt that poetry is first and last a high emotion"; and no one will dispute that, if we add that it is never great poetry except there be a high intellect behind the emotion. But if we agree that "simplicity and directness are essential to the highest class of verse," we shall have to send Swinburne and Shelley and a few more out into the cold with the minor poets. Poetry cannot be cramped and limited in this fashion; there are great things that are best said simply and directly, and there are things as great that the spirit cannot look on without dazzled eyes, or speak of but with hints and shadowed words; surely there is a beauty of mystery as well as of clearness, of starlight as well as of sunlight.

Personally, my preference is for that same simplicity and directness, and for those large and human themes that are best handled simply and directly, and these themes and such handling of them will delight you everywhere as you turn the pages of Mr. Campbell's volume. He voices clearly and with strength and sweetness "the eternal appeal from life and nature," letting "the thought and imagination dwell upon the human, and nature as affecting the human, rather than upon the mere objective nature, as solely an æsthetic aspect." He has points of kinship with Wordsworth and Arnold; he thinks and feels as they might have thought and felt, but thought and feeling and utterance are none the less sharply and finely individual. There is tenderness and dignity, splendour and sonority in the "Elegiac Verses," in the Sonnets, the Patriotic Poems, the Dramatic Verse, the Poems on the Affections; but, on the whole, for a certain haunting music, a certain sheer getting to the heart of life, perhaps you will go back to some of the lyrics in the two sections of Elemental and Human Verse, and the Nature Verse. Nothing could well be more exquisite in its kind than "The Spring Spirit," with its rapturously wistful opening:

> "I, poor Satyr in the glade,
> Saw a wonder, half afraid."

or than the "Song," of which these are the first and last verses:

> "When the morning lifts in light
> Over misty wood and stream,
> And from heaven's azure height
> Falls the silence like a dream;—
> Then the joy-bird on his tree
> Pipes of love and hope to me:
> (Wake up rose of morning.). . . .
>
> When the evening dies in light
> Down the purple miles of dream,
> Lost in jewelled shoals of night,
> Where a myriad glories gleam:—
> Then the death-bird pipes to me
> From the shadow of his tree:—
> (Fold my flower for sleeping.)"

It is impossible to represent the book adequately by quotation, and it is not necessary to try. Mr. Campbell has a deservedly high reputation in Canada; rumours of it reached us long since; and his name on the cover will assure him of a welcome here which none who give will regret giving.

A. St. John Adcock.

NICEPHORUS.*

We are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Frederic Harrison very cordially upon the accomplishment of an excellent piece of work. He tells us in his prefactory Note that "as the play is designed for the Stage, not for the Study, it makes no pretence to poetic elaboration, and avoids all forms of ornamental diction." We can only say that we have read it in our Study with an ever-growing admiration, both for its dramatic qualities and for the nervous, stirring, virile verse in which the story is embodied. It is a rousing story, too, full of heroism, of intrigue, of battle, murder and sudden death. No doubt it is true that Mr. Harrison has so far avoided "all forms of ornamental diction" as to refrain from patching his verse too obviously with purple. Even in his love-passages there is nothing mawkish or cloying, nothing, in fact, to remind us, to our grief, of others who write blank verse and provide actor-managers with tragedies. Mr. Harrison's blank verse moves on a very high level. It is full-bodied and resonant with a ring that reminds one not infrequently of Marlowe (the praise is high, but well deserved); and, above all, it is in its essence appropriate to the characters who speak it. There are in this play *tirades* that would make the fortune of an actor gifted with the right faculty for declaiming fine blank verse to the accompaniment of fitting gestures. We have no space for much quotation, but here is one extract to show our meaning and justify our admiration:—

> Emperor: Is there no hope for Peace?
> Nicephorus (*breaking in fiercely*): For Peace with Hell?
> "For peace between the fierce cub whelped of Hagar,
> (Rather the jackal bred in those Syrian sands)
> And God's own lambs! No! Sire, no peace can be
> Till they, or we, have fallen. By heaven's mercy
> Peace might be won at last through blood and sweat,
> If Christian people trusted in their Christ,
> If Roman soldiers fought as did Old Rome.
> [*The Marshal steps forward and bursts into a rhapsody.*]
> A voice from heaven fills my prophetic soul!
> I see the Cross uplifted in the sky,
> Marching in front of our victorious spears;
> I see these Bedouins forced back panic-struck
> To the devil-haunted sands wherein they lurk.
> I see the hallowed tombs, in which our sires
> Once shrined the saints, the pilgrim-trodden spots
> Marked with Christ's footsteps, once again restored
> To His life-giving rites, swept clean from sin,
> Purged from pollution, and re-consecrate.
> Then conquering step by step the Holy Land—
> Even as Elijah smote the priests of Baal—
> We win once more the sepulchre of Christ,
> And plant the Cross high o'er Jerusalem!"

For another fine speech of the furious sort we should pick the lines spoken by John Zimisces on the last page but one. We hope some day to see "Nicephorus" worthily staged and well acted.

R. C. Lehmann.

THE TIMES HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.†

The fourth volume of "The Times History of the War" is by far the most interesting of those published up to the present time. It commences with the situation when Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein, deals with the resuscitation of the Boer opposition, due to the long delay which then arose before our army resumed its march on Pretoria, describes Buller's advance after the fall of Ladysmith, the operations undertaken against the various independent bands of Boers, gives an account of the sieges of Kimberley and Mafeking, including the relief of the latter, and devotes a chapter to the close of Lord Roberts' command. There are numerous portraits of various leaders, and a number of maps, which are somewhat better turned out than those in previous parts.

"The fortnight which followed Lord Roberts' entry into Bloemfontein on March 13th was the most triumphant period of his campaign. All and more than all that he had hoped from his great flank advance had been attained; the Boers were not merely defeated, they were in headlong rout. In the north of Cape Colony the chief anxiety of the invading commandos was to retire without falling into the enemy's hands; the rebels were quietly returning to their farms;

* "Nicephorus, a Tragedy of New Rome." By Frederic Harrison. 5s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

† "The Times History of the War in South Africa." Vol. IV. 21s. net. (Sampson, Low, and Marston.)

Kimberley and Ladysmith were saved; nearly half the Free State was at Lord Roberts' mercy; and the capital itself, except for a few sullen patriots, seemed actually to welcome the conqueror."

It is perfectly clear that, had the British pushed forward as soon as Bloemfontein was entered on the 13th March, 1900, the war would quickly have been brought to an end. But, unfortunately, this was not possible. The army required rest, the horses were completely worn out, and before an advance could be undertaken it was necessary to accumulate food, of which only enough for five days was available when the town was occupied. Now, although three lines converged on the Orange Free State, these all joined together at Springfontein, and the capacity of the line thence to Bloemfontein was the measure of its supply capability. Just as in the 1870 war the railway line from Blesme to Frouard was the neck of the bottle through which all the manifold wants of the Germans had to be satisfied. Moreover, the bridges over the Orange River at Bethulie and Norvals Pont had been destroyed, and until one at least of these was replaced continuous rail communication could not be maintained with our immediate base of supplies, Cape Colony. The amount required by the troops is easily appreciated from the fact that two trains of twenty-four trucks each were needed daily for food alone, and, as through traffic was not opened until the 29th March, it was not till the end of April that thirty days' supplies for 100,000 men, the amount Lord Roberts thought necessary, was got together.

But the intervening period before the advance was recommenced was not without incidents, some of the character known as "regrettable."

Rebellion broke out in the neighbourhood of Prieska, and it was essential to give a lesson to the revolting colonists who had flocked to the small Boer contingent come down to raise it. By the beginning of April this was done, and so far as the region west of the De Aar-Cape Town railway is concerned, while a certain amount of sullen disaffection always remained, no real efforts to discompose the British arrangements were again made from it.

In the meantime, the force under Grobler, which had invaded the more central portion of the Old Colony, had retreated northwards, and joining other bands constituted a body of nearly 6,000 men, who took up positions to the east and north-east of Bloemfontein, i.e., on the flank of the road to Pretoria. It is doubtful if sufficient troops to deal with these commandos could, at the time in question, have been dispatched from Bloemfontein. But even if it had been possible, Lord Roberts was by this time so fully imbued with the idea that the war was practically over, that he commenced the pernicious system of granting passes to the Boers, which, more than anything else, led to a prolongation of the struggle. The policy of dealing tenderly with those who, in future, were to become fellow-citizens, was carried out to an entirely foolish extent, utterly oblivious of the fact that for the time they were certainly enemies, while their character was such as to render them impervious to any other influence than fear.

On March 21st Lord Roberts telegraphed to the War Office:—"So many burghers have expressed their desire to surrender under the terms of the last proclamation that I have sent small columns in various directions to register the names and take over arms." Columns adapted to reconnaisance, but too feeble to constitute a real fighting force, were sent in many directions, while Sannah's Post, where were the reservoirs on which Bloemfontein depended for a proper supply of drinking water, was occupied by a small body of men.

But, during the prolonged British halt, the Boers regained confidence, and on the 31st March delivered a severe blow at Lord Roberts' position by capturing the waterworks, surprising at the same time a convoy of wagons returning from Thaba 'Nchu, escorted by a column under Colonel Broadwood, which had been sent out to publish Lord Roberts' proclamation, and collect arms from any Boers who might surrender. The force itself was somewhat deficient in outpost vigilance, and no serious attempt to aid it was made by the troops sent by Lord Roberts for the purpose. On the 4th April a small force, originally sent out to seize Dewetsdorf, was surrounded at Mostert's Hoek by De Wet, who had moved down in this direction after his successful action at Sannah's Post, and now attacked the British force with five times its numbers, forcing its surrender at a moment when a relieving body was actually within striking distance. These two reverses showed Lord Roberts that "his optimistic impressions as to the demoralisation of the Boers" were incorrect, and he felt it necessary thoroughly to secure his line of operations before continuing his advance. Fortunately De Wet, instead of taking measures against the British communications, wasted his energies on the attempt to take Wepener, where a detachment chiefly composed of Colonials had assembled, with the original mission to collect arms and keep down the district. Our troops successfully held their own, and Lord Roberts sent a considerable force to aid them, but the attempt to round up the Boers was a complete failure. Still the latter felt compelled to retreat, so that at the end of April the pressure on the communication from Bloemfontein to Naauwpoort was relieved, and the British army commenced its advance to Pretoria. The capture of the capital, it was believed, would have a great moral effect; there was a large number of British prisoners there to be released, and it was desirable to seize the railway down to Delagoa Bay, by means of which supplies of all sorts reached the Transvaal from Europe.

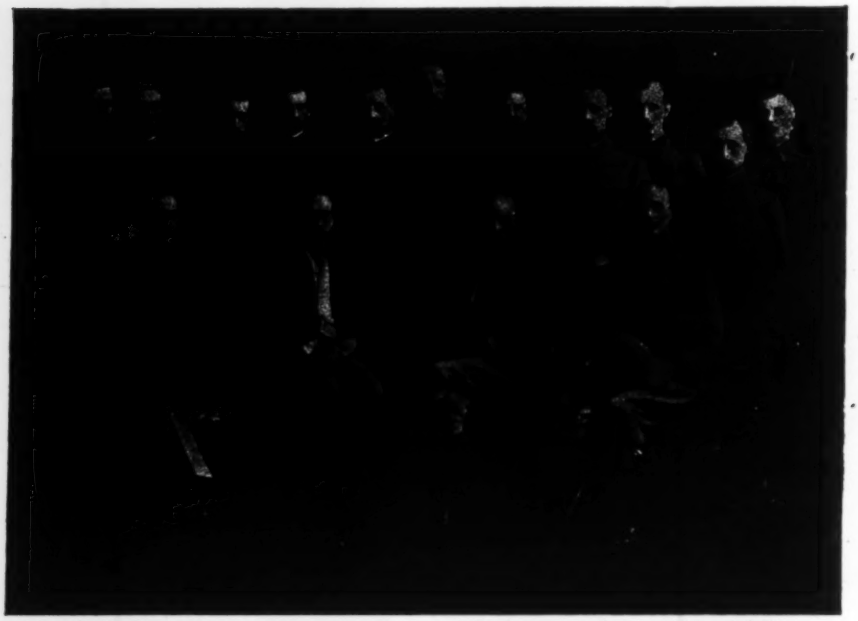


Photo Duffus Bros.

Lord Roberts and Sir Alfred Milner, with some Staff Officers.

(Reproduced from "The Times History of the War," Vol IV., by kind permission of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

The army, numbering some 100,000 men, advanced in a series of converging bodies towards their common goal. But the proper organisation necessary for so large an operation was quite non-existent at headquarters. The staff numbered over seventy, and it is too much to say that sixty of these would have been better out of the way. Good men there were, but in addition a number of "officers put on chiefly in compliment to the various corps they represented," and also many "pleasant aristocrats, who acted in the position of aides-de-camp." It would have

been well if the latter had been confined to this somewhat harmless rôle, but some of them were given places for which neither their natural ability nor previous training in any way qualified them. No proper system of issuing orders was made use of. Lord Kitchener was largely employed as a flying representative of the commander-in-chief, and the latter, even if his chief-of-the-staff were present, frequently transmitted his orders through any officer who happened to be available at the moment.

Still the advance progressed, and the enemy made no real attempt to concentrate and stop it. Pretoria was thus reached without the Boers suffering any great damage, as they never stood long enough to enable us to inflict it. This was not the fault of Lord Roberts, and if the march produced no great results it was rapidly carried out considering the nature of the country, and must be included in the list of those memorable in history.

The advance on Pretoria received no assistance from the large force under General Buller in Natal. A prolonged halt was made after the relief of Ladysmith, and 55,000 men were kept inactive for two months when they might have easily been pushed forward into the Transvaal. If, however, their leader insisted on their passive rôle, then the bulk should have been removed from him to the Orange Free State to aid the main army. As it was, Lord Roberts was in Pretoria (June 5th) a week before the Natal force crossed the frontier.

The confusion which occurred in the British arrangements after the capture of the Transvaal capital is well described, and its cause (the absolute want of proper staff organisation) duly pointed out. Divisions and brigades which had fought as units from the commencement of the war were broken up, and the officers who had superintended the Intelligence Department with success sent to other duties. The result was chaos, which much facilitated the operations directed against our communications, while the attempt to hem in De Wet, who had been largely concerned in them, failed owing to the want of proper intelligence and of close co-operation between the leaders of the various columns.

But still the force of numbers told, and by the middle of September President Kruger had been driven into Portuguese territory, and compelled to embark for Europe. Large numbers of burghers had been captured or dispersed, while they had been forced to destroy almost the whole of their artillery and vast quantities of stores. Lord Roberts considered the war to be "practically over," and commenced to send away considerable bodies of troops. In December he embarked for England himself. Military operations, it is true, lasted for another eighteen months, and the belief of the commander-in-chief was therefore a mistaken one. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that landing in South Africa at a time when our fortunes were at the lowest, he had within seven weeks struck a decisive blow at the most threatening force of the enemy, and that when he left the war was reduced to a series of minor conflicts, the final result of which was never really doubtful. Mistakes were doubtless made, they always are made in war, but one thing cannot be denied—Lord Roberts found the army depressed and he left it exultant, a result entirely due to his personal influence and the way in which his able subordinate leaders backed him up. All this is well described in the fourth volume of the Times History, which forms the best account of the war yet published.

Walter H. James.

ROBERT OWEN.*

In presenting a new life of Robert Owen, the Socialist, Mr. Frank Podmore offers an explanation of his motive in adding another to the numerous existing biographies of this singular man.

"I was moved, less by a sense of the inadequacy of the work of my predecessors than by my own desire to treat of so congenial a theme. In a word, I made up my mind, as I supposed, to write because I wanted to write. But a subsequent series of coincidences has led me to question whether, in following my own pleasure, I was not the unconscious instrument of larger forces, and the impulse which I held at the time to be the spontaneous outcome of my own volition part of a wider movement in the world of thought, the existence of which I had scarcely suspected."

It requires more convincing reasons than these to dispose

* "Robert Owen: A Biography." 2 Vols. By Frank Podmore. 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Basil Williams.**
Editor of "The Times History of the War," Vol. IV.

one to welcome the addition of 700 fresh pages to the copious memoirs already in print; but, let me hasten to add, Mr. Podmore himself has supplied them in full measure by the manner in which he has discharged his self-imposed task. If he has added little to our previous knowledge of Owen's career and character—his early success and his later futility—he has cast the narrative in good lucid English, and shown not only sympathy, but, which is much more rare in a biographer, sound discrimination and sense of proportion in estimating the value of his hero's life-work. One feels confidence in a writer who expresses himself so frankly about his subject as in the following paragraph:

"Owen's account of all these interviews and transactions [connected with his early scheme of social reform] was written in extreme old age, and details with the naïve vanity of second childhood the gracious speeches and compliments made to him by these eminent personages. It is difficult to take his account of the matter quite seriously, or to suppose that either the Archbishop or the Home Secretary set so high a value on these revelations and proposals for social reconstruction as Owen would have us to believe. But apart altogether from natural courtesy, it is probable that Owen's unaffected sincerity, the goodwill to all mankind which radiated from him, and the knowledge of the great things which he had already done at New Lanark, drew men towards him, and made them welcome one who must have proved merely a colossal bore if he had not been, as Leslie Stephen has finely said, of the very salt of the earth."

Written in this spirit of detachment, and in perfect sympathy with Owen's lofty purpose, Mr. Podmore's memoir takes rank at once as the standard authority upon his subject.

Born in 1771, the son of a small tradesman in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Robert Owen's naturally thoughtful bent was strengthened by the permanent mischief wrought to his digestion by some scalding "flummery"—a kind of gruel—which, as a boy, he once swallowed, and all but died of the effects. An avid but indiscriminate reader, certain theological works had an influence upon him the very reverse of that intended by the good ladies who lent them to him. If we are to take his own statement literally, before he was ten years old the bitterness of sectarian controversy had convinced him that there was something fundamentally wrong in all religions.

"It was with the greatest reluctance," he says in his autobiography, "and after long contests in my mind, that I was compelled to abandon my first and deep-rooted impressions in favour of Christianity. But being obliged to give up my faith in this

Robert Owen.

From an Engraving by Ryall, after the picture by W. H. Brooke, A.R.H.A., 1834.

(Reproduced from Frank Podmore's "Robert Owen: A Biography," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

sect, I was at the same time compelled to reject all others, for I had discovered that all had been based upon the same absurd imagination, that each one formed his own qualities, determined his own thoughts, will and action, and was responsible for them to God and to his fellow-men."

The doctrine which he substituted for dogma, he applied in his earlier years to admirable effect, upon which rests his claim to be held in grateful remembrance by his countrymen, although in later life he pushed it to extremes so unreasonable as to forfeit the confidence of practical men. He held that human character and conduct were solely the offspring of environment, and that "any general character, from the best to the worst, from the most ignorant to the most enlightened, may be given to any community, even to the world at large, by the application of proper means."

To the end of his long life he firmly believed that he had discovered and was the first to preach this creed, although, of course, it is all to be found in Godwin's "Enquiry," published when Owen was just two and twenty. There is internal evidence in Owen's "New View of Society," published in 1813, to show that the writer had not only perused Godwin's treatise, but adopted some of its very phrases.

But however much Owen owed to the writings of others, in this at least he was original, that he devoted his life and sacrificed his means to carrying his ideas into action. As a lad of sixteen he became a shop assistant in Manchester, where machinery and factories were springing up apace, displacing the spinning-jenny and the water-frame. His rise was rapid, for he did not drink, and anybody of ordinary ability who could keep from liquor was a prize to employers in days when almost everybody got drunk at least once a week. Before he was of age he was superintendent of a large cotton mill on a salary of £300 a year, with 500 workpeople under his charge. Having occasion to visit Glasgow frequently on business, he lost his heart to the daughter of David Dale, cotton-spinner, philanthropist and founder of the sect of Old Scottish Independents. The young lady seems to have been kind, but coy: both she and Owen feared that her pious father never could be brought to look upon an avowed sceptic as a desirable son-in-law. Owen quotes her reply, of freezing formality, to his proposal. "If you can find the means to overcome my father's objections it would go far to remove any I may now have to the request you have made." Overcome them Owen did, by persuading some friends to club their means with his for the purchase of the New Lanark Mills, which Dale happened to be very anxious to sell.

From this point the biography becomes exceedingly interesting. The workmen at New Lanark numbered, with their families, about thirteen hundred, and there were, in addition, four or five hundred wretched pauper children, who, according to the practice of the time, were sent out in herds from the workhouses of the great towns to be entered as apprentices, and to undergo what was hardly to be distinguished from sheer slavery. The overseer's remuneration was usually fixed in proportion to the output of this "living machinery"; consequently the hours of labour imposed upon his victims amounted to something barely credible at the present time. When Owen took over the New Lanark Mills, pauper children were admitted between the ages of five and eight years, their apprenticeship lasted from seven to nine years, and they were kept in the factory from six a.m. till seven p.m., during which time one hour and a half was allowed for meals. Eleven hours and a half of work, during which these hapless little creatures were not allowed to sit down!—what wonder if Owen's heart was wrung with commiseration when he contemplated the result in their stunted bodies, deformed limbs, and cruelly warped minds. And yet Dale had made these New Lanark Mills far superior to most others of that day in sanitary provision and care for the children.

Mr. Podmore's chapter, describing the factory system as it was before Owen undertook to reform it, is one of the most melancholy bits of reading one could have. Yet there is no exaggeration. Dark as are the colours in the gloomy picture, they were laid on by numerous witnesses before the Select Committee on Child Labour, which reported in 1816. Even the elder Peel's Act, passed in 1802, only went so far as to reduce the hours of apprentice labour to a maximum of twelve *per diem*.

Owen determined to better the condition of his "living machinery." He bought out his partners, who cared only for gain, and secured six others more in sympathy with his project, among whom were William Allen and Jeremy Bentham. He set up schools, built a lecture room, prohibited corporal punishment upon children, provided instruction in music, dancing and drilling, and continued to grow rich, which was an essential part of the success of his scheme, and without which it never would have attracted favour. New Lanark became famous. Travelling was slow and costly in those days, yet for ten years, 1814-24, the average annual number of visitors was two thousand. Owen was indefatigable in pressing for legislation to protect the workers, especially the children, from oppressive and insanitary conditions. He disseminated his views by lectures as well as in tracts and other publications. Lord Liverpool's colleagues consulted him frequently, for the evils of the factory system had been forced on public attention by the dire prevalence of fever in these human hives. The Royal family took him up, especially the Duke of Kent; the Grand Duke Nicholas (afterwards Emperor of Russia) paid a visit of inspection to New Lanark. The Factory Act of 1819, though falling far short of Owen's ideal, must be regarded as the direct outcome of his labours, and as a long step in the direction of modern social legislation.

Had the philanthropist continued to work upon these sound lines he would have earned a fuller meed of gratitude than he has received from those who live by the sweat of their brows. Unfortunately, he launched upon far wider and more subversive schemes. Powerful as had been the effect of his speeches, writings and example, a sanguine temperament, not without a strong tinge of vanity, caused him to view that effect in exaggerated proportion. He gravely declares in his autobiography that Napoleon had been so deeply impressed by some of his essays that the destiny of Europe might have been different had the fallen Emperor been allowed to return from his exile. In 1829, Owen retired from business, handed New Lanark over to his Quaker partner, William Allen, settled a small sum upon each of his children, and proceeded to squander the fortune he had amassed in the foundation of Socialist communities, first in this country, then in the United States. He settled his sons in the ill-starred Communist colony of New Harmony, Indiana; his wife and three daughters remained in Scotland, in circumstances greatly altered from their former affluence. It is touching to mark how Mrs. Owen's confidence in her visionary husband only deepened as the worldly prospect darkened. In September, 1830, she wrote

to tell him that she had not found a new abode, being unable to pay more than £30 in rent, adding:

"Oh, my dear husband, how much I feel the want of you to advise with in a time of so much anxiety. . . . I hope you will remember next Thursday, the day when we became *one*—thirty-one years ago; and I think from what I feel myself that we love one another as sincerely and understand one another much better than we did thirty-one years ago."

Space will not serve for more than bare mention of some of the numerous projects set on foot during the last five-and-twenty years of Owen's life. The Practical Society; the purely Communistic colony at Orbiston; Co-operative Societies in London, in Cork, in Brighton, and many other places; the Labour Exchange; the New Moral World, which prescribed the abolition of marriage; another commune at Queenwood—all to collapse in turn and to leave Owen as sanguine as ever for fresh social experiments, but without those pecuniary resources which are so necessary to keep steam in the boiler. His own ample capital had disappeared before 1844, when his sons set apart a sum to yield their father £300 a year. All these schemes and failures are described by Mr. Podmore with intelligent sympathy, even to the last sad phase of all, when the octogenarian Owen, whose early labours had been fraught with such lasting good to his humble fellow-countrymen, addressed a "Manifesto to all Governments and all Peoples," announcing, on the authority of departed spirits with whom Owen declared he was in constant communication, "a great moral revolution about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle." After a lively correspondence with "the Crowned Angel from the Seventh Sphere," this, the last of Owen's visions, evaporated, leaving no trace except a perceptible increase of pecuniary embarrassment.

Robert Owen lived twenty years too long. Mr. Podmore's appreciation of his character and achievement is an admirable piece of criticism. The splendid work of his early years must not be shut from view by the visionary and polemical errors of later life. "When a later generation shall pronounce impartial judgment upon the men and the forces which worked for righteousness in the nineteenth century, a place will be found for Robert Owen amongst those whose dreams have helped to reshape the world."

HERBERT MAXWELL.

SCOTT'S FAVOURITE RIVER.*

Sir Herbert Maxwell dedicates his book to Mr. Andrew Lang, "than whom none is more able to discern its flaws, none more certain to judge them gently." This is as it should be. Mr. Lang was born almost within sight of the very Mecca of Tweedside—Abbotsford. And no man has its story more at his fingers' ends. A "Border boyhood" (a phrase he delights in) "made" him the winsome and always welcome writer that he is, just as it "made" Scott himself at Sandyknowe and Kelso. Mr. Lang has never left his first love, or lost the inspiration which came to him—so long ago now—from Scott and Scott's favourite river. Some of his best work connects itself with Sir Walter and the Scottish Border. A "Life of Scott," by Mr. Lang, published only the other day, indeed, is sure to be one of the most popular, as it is one of the pleasantest, of the many biographies that have followed Lockhart's masterpiece. Appropriately, therefore, as has been said, this very sumptous volume is inscribed to one who many a year since gave his heart to the Tweed, as did Tyro in Homer to the Enipeus, and has never lost his love. A passion for the Tweed and the Scott Country dominates Sir Herbert Maxwell no less than Mr. Lang. As a Borderer, Sir Herbert's claims are more with the Dumfries and Galloway marches than the true literary Border of Scott and Hogg. He is more a Carlyle's countryman with, one should suppose, a natural preference for the Nith and Annan valleys. But if love for a particular locality (whether one be native-born or not) and intimate acquaintance with it are the best—the essential conditions—for honest, true work as historian and geographer, then are these well attested in the present instance. Sir Herbert has been over every inch of the ground many times, and can speak of it in every tense and mood, whilst his previous delvings, antiquarian and otherwise, have yielded good fruit for the present undertaking. It is a delight throughout to keep company with one so well up in his subject, whose qualities as a raconteur give charm and piquancy to every page. Sir Herbert has thus done a real service for the literature of the Tweed, and only one exception is likely to be taken to the work—its price and the extreme portliness of the tome. This ought certainly to be a book for the many, and not a mere publishing venture limited to 375 privileged persons into whose hands the edition is sure to pass quickly. Is it too much to hope for a less luxurious and a more handable issue, even if minus the illustrations, which, with all respect to Mr. D. Y. Cameron, are in some instances not quite the attractions one had anticipated?

The Tweed is not the largest of Scottish rivers, nor, compared with the Tay, for instance, can it be said to be the most beautiful. Yet no one will deny the superlative charm and wealth of its associations, literary and romantic. Even if only for the sake of Scott, the Tweed has memories that are imperishable, and that make it easily the first of Scottish streams. But long before Scott's time, the Tweed had its own unique place in literature. For centuries, Tweedside was the home of ballad and song, much of which still survives. In legendary lore it is rivalled perhaps by the glorious Rhine alone. As the march-line between two kingdoms, long at variance, it bore an unenviable notoriety in those rough raiding days, both before the Union and after it. Now contentment and peace haunt the once "bold, bad Border." And the whole world has pilgrim feet for its shrines. In commercial and agricultural pursuits, too, modern Tweedside holds its own with the best.

Of the origin of the name, nothing definite can be said. There is an apparent connection with such well-known Cymric river-names as Tay, Teith, Taff, and Teviot, more properly "Teiott"—the ordinary Roxburghshire pronunciation. Of the source of the Tweed there is the curious paradox that what passes for its source—Tweed's Well—is not the true fountain-head. That is rather to be found in the Cor, or Corse Burn, rising a little higher up, which, trickling down to the meadow beneath, receives the outflow of the Well. But for purposes of poetry and romance, Tweed's Well will always be regarded as the source. Since corse is Scots for cross, the memory of a Cross looms up in those far solitudes, a monument (long extinct) erected by pious hands, 1,632 feet above the sea, "to remind travellers of their Redeemer, and to guide them withal across these desolate moors." It is interesting to note that the three chief rivers of the Scottish Lowlands have their birth in this prolific watershed:—

"Annan, Tweed, and Clyde
Rise a' oot o' ae hillside——"

on opposite sides of the same range. Centuries past, this was part of the ancient Forest of Caledon (whence Caledonia), stretching from Cadzow to Ettrick, densely clad with thousands of birks and hazels, and swarming with "dae and rae, and wild bestis in great plentie"—all vanished. Not a tree is to be seen, not even a bush to catch the breeze from the Solway. Tweed's Well lies in the bosom of solemn, bare hills. There is nothing attractive about the spot. Grey moorlands, riddled with many an inky peat-hag, the whaups crying as Stevenson heard them in his dreams, are the prevailing characteristics. Yet what a stirring place it must have been in the early centuries! Here, as tradition asserts, the pagan bard Merlin was converted to Christianity by the preaching of the Glasgow Saint Mungo. Here Michael Scot, the "wondrous wizard," pursued his mysteries. And even royal Arthur himself wandered among these wilds, "of fresh aventours dreaming." One of his twelve battles is claimed for the locality. More historic, perhaps, is the picture of the good Sir James of Douglas plighting his troth to the Bruce at Ericstane Brae, close to Tweed's Well, which latter spot, by the way, Dr. John Brown inimitably describes in one of his smaller "Horæ" papers. Readers of the "Enterkin" also will remember his reference to the mail-coach tragedy of 1831, when MacGeorge and his companion, Goodfellow, perished in the snow in that heroic attempt to get the bags through to Tweedshaws. At Tweedsmuir (the name of the parish), eight miles down the stream, the valley opens somewhat, and vegetation properly begins. Of Tweedsmuir Kirk, Lord Cockburn said that it

* "The Story of the Tweed." By the Right Honourable Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. With Illustrations by D. Y. Cameron. 10s. (Nisbet and Co.)

had the prettiest situation in Scotland. John Hunter, a Covenant martyr, sleeps in its green God's acre. The stone to his memory was re-lettered by "Old Mortality." Talla Linns recalls the conventicle mentioned in the "Heart of Midlothian," at which Scott makes Davie Deans a silent but much-impressed spectator. The Talla Valley contains the fine new loch whence Edinburgh draws its augmented water supply. At the Beild, Dr. John Ker, the foremost preacher of his generation, was born in 1819. Oliver Castle was the home of the Frasers, Lords of Tweeddale before they were Lords of Lovat. The Crook Inn was a noted "howff" in the angling excursions of Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. Lang thinks that possibly the name suggested the "Cleikum Inn" of "St. Ronan's Well." Polmood, near by, is the scene of Hogg's lugubrious "Bridal of Polmood," seldom read now, one imagines. Kingledoors still shrines the memory of Cuthbert, the greatest of the Border Saints, one of whose chapels was erected here. Stanhope was a staunch Jacobite holding, though one of its lairds was the infamous Murray of Broughton, Prince Charlie's secretary—the Judas of the cause. Linkumdoddie has been immortalised in Burns's versicles beginning, "Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed." At Drumelzier Castle the turbulent tyrannical Tweedies reigned in their day of might. Of their ghostly origin, the Introduction to the "Betrothed" furnishes the key. Their History (a work of genuine local interest) was written quite recently by Mr. Michael Forbes Tweedie, a London scion of the clan. In the same neighbourhood the fragment of Tinnis Castle juts out from its bold bluff, not unlike a robber's fortress on the Rhine. Curiously, this is a reputed Ossian scene. (See the poem, "Calthon and Calmal.") The "blue Teutha" is the Tweed, and Dunthalmo's town, Drumelzier. At Dawyck (not Dalwick) flourish what are probably the finest larches in the kingdom. They were the first to be planted, and had that honour done them, it is said, by the great Linnæus himself. Stobo was the *plebania* or mother-kirk of half the county. Here lies all that is mortal of Robert Hogg, a talented nephew of James Hogg. He was the friend and amanuensis of both Scott and Lockhart, whom he assisted in the *Quarterly*. Possessed of a keen literary sense, he would almost certainly have taken a high place in literature, but for the consumption which cut short his promising career. Now we reach the Black Dwarf's Country—in the Manor Valley. His grave is at Manor Kirk, and the cottage associated with his misanthropic existence is also pointed out. Neidpath Castle, overlooking Peebles, was the key to the Upper Tweed fastnesses. Both Scott and Campbell sang of its unhappy Maid. To Peebles, Sir Herbert devotes a mere page—too little. Its literary associations, for instance, are outstanding. William and Robert Chambers were natives. So was John Veitch. Mungo Park practised as a surgeon for a short time in the town, a longing for Africa in his soul all the while. "Meg Dods," the best landlady of fiction, was one of its heroines. And "Peblis to the Play," probably by James I., is a perennial Scots classic. Traquair is poetic ground, every foot of it. At its "bonnie bush" how many singers have caught inspiration, from Crawford of Drumsoy in 1725 to Principal Shairp in our own day! Traquair House boasts of being the oldest inhabited in Scotland. It certainly looks it. Yonder are Innerleithen—Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," and the peel of Elibank, a mere shell, with the thrice-renowned Ashestiel in the distance, where Scott spent the happiest years of his life, where he wrote "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake," and the first chapters of "Waverley." In some respects, Ashestiel is a more important place to the student of Scott than even Abbotsford itself. Yet for a thousand who rush to Abbotsford, only a very few find their way up to Ashestiel. Behind Abbotsford are the Eildons—the "Delectable Mountains" of Washington Irving's visit—"three crests against a saffron sky," always in vision the wide Border over. Melrose is the "Kennaquhair" of the "Monastery" and the "Abbot." Its glory, of course, is its Abbey, "unsurpassed in the beauty of death, but all grace fled from its environment." "Were it possible to transplant it," says Sir Herbert, "together with its rich associations, to the site of the original foundation below Leaderfoot, then indeed Melrose would sit enthroned, peerless among the shrines of our northern land." Dryburgh's situation is queenly enough—the most picturesque monastic ruin in Great Britain. Here the two Sir Walters, the two Lady Scotts, and Lockhart, await the breaking light of morn. Dryburgh is in Mertoun (not Merton) parish, where (at Mertoun House) Scott wrote the "Eve of St. John." Not far off is Sandyknowe (not Smailholm) Tower, the scene of the ballad, and the cradle of Scott's childhood. Ruined Roxburgh and the palatial Floors Castle represent the best of epochs old and new, and even more than in Scott's halcyon school-days is Kelso the "Queen of the South Countrie." Coldstream, Norham, Flodden Field, and Berwick—memory-moving names all of them, still lie in the track of Tweed's "glittering and resolute streams," before tribute is paid to the sea-never-at-rest.

But this princely volume is not merely the Story of the Tweed. It is the story of its tributaries, great and small, as well, and it is thus practically a survey of the entire Scottish Border. There are chapters devoted to Ettrick and Yarrow, both of which have legends, and ballads, and memories of Scott and Hogg enough to fill a separate book. Of Teviotdale also, and *its* tributaries, with Jed Water, there is much to be gathered here. Nor is Lauderdale overlooked—the country of St. Cuthbert and Thomas the Rhymer, names which, with Scott's, denote the three most famous personages of the Border. Naturally a few errors have crept into an otherwise unblemished book. Sorrowlessfield, for instance, derives its name, not from the "field of sorrel," but from William Soroules, who held those lands in the twelfth century. Not James Hogg the Shepherd, but another James (a weaver) was author of the Hawick Common-riding song. Henry Liddell (at page 44) should be Riddell, and Abbotsford was Cartley Hole first, not "Clarty," which is a mere vulgar play on the original.

W. S. CROCKETT.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.*

This book is so called because it attempts to show that Nature is not cruel, and so to reconcile her with religion and humanity. But it must be said at once that Mr. Robinson, an ingenious and inquiring man, is a Christian, and uses here and there in the book phrases which are unintelligible except to Christians. He is also a thoroughly docile Darwinian. The book, though the work of a naturalist of considerable reading and well-known experience, is therefore a religious book which it is not necessary to discuss as anything else; and it is no small recommendation that the views in it have brought "comfort and complete satisfaction" to the author himself. Briefly, his contribution to faith is this. Though a man of the usual "religious" training, he was for more than twenty years disturbed by "the apparent cruelty of the world." But he found that this cruelty had its foundation in the fact that he looked at Nature from a human point of view, endowing the animals with misery and happiness like his own; and he came to the opinion that they are "spared the horror and denied the gladness" of life; they feel pain and struggle against it, but do not reflect on it or its absence, so as to enter the state of misery or happiness. This being so, his belief in a benevolent Creator is reasonable, and he advances to a creed, the offspring of a union of religion and science, as he says, "that all the forces of nature whose operations have so far been observed and chronicled by man are manifestations of one primal force, the Spirit of God, working in the world from its dark beginning towards its glorious end." It is impossible in a small space to give an idea of Mr. Robinson's conscientious thinking and enthusiasm, but, together, they are sufficiently eminent to give his book the right to such a popularity as "The Whole Duty of Man" once had. To thousands of Christians who have some acquaintance with science it should prove a bulwark and a pleasant shade. But were we disposed to treat the book from another point of view, it might be possible to find flaws in the long chain of his argument. For example, he assumes that the lowest forms of plants do not suffer, *i.e.*, do not reflect upon the pain caused by a person in damaging them. When he comes to the higher animals, he can only show that it is quite possible to explain any of their actions on the ground of instinct; he does not help us to

* "The Religion of Nature." By E. Kay Robinson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

know what instinct is, nor does he prove that it is instinct which inspires the animals. Again, he assumes a clear, dividing line between all men and all beasts, and he uses the name "soul" for some mysterious possession of man which the beasts have not. He speaks, too, of the survival of the fittest without any inquiry into what it may be—will-power or personality or what—that makes them fittest. In short, he runs violently through several large difficulties without noticing them, a method which prophets countenance and their followers applaud. We admire it intensely, though it leaves us unmoved.

EDWARD THOMAS.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN COLOUR.*

The development of colour printing is international, and to treat the subject from a purely national standpoint is to lose many of the threads necessary to complete an account of the history of the art. Within the limits that he has set himself, however, Mr. Hardie has achieved a work which fills a distinct gap in the history of the English book, and forms a copious guide to reproductions in colour as far as these are applicable to book illustration in England from the fifteenth century to the present time. The methods dealt with are as follows:—The wood-block work of the Book of St. Albans, hand-coloured plates, Chiaroscuro—perhaps as full and accurate an account as can anywhere be found—Baxtertypes, mezzotint, aquatint, nature-printing, chromo-lithography and the three-colour process.

The insular nature of the work, although not restricting the author from dealing with the Le Blon and Gautier D'Agoty processes, appears to have prevented him from touching upon the wood-block colour-printing of such firms as Lott and Knöfler, of Vienna. Neither is Kronheim mentioned, nor the characteristic work of Mr. and Mrs. Pissarro at the Eragny Press, who since 1894 have issued a series of books partly in conjunction with Messrs. Hacon and Ricketts, of the Vale Press, containing woodcuts (engraved and printed by themselves in as many as five colours), unequalled in delicate tone and artistic touch. Mr. Hardie appears to know very little of Gautier, for he does not mention the proceedings after Le Blon's death, nor does he quote his most representative work, "Observations sur l'Histoire Naturelle," which was published in Paris in six volumes, 1752-57. The anatomical and zoological plates are excellent, and in many cases the plates are coated with a heavy transparent varnish, which gives much the effect of an oil painting. Mr. Hardie seems to under-estimate the possibility of the colour-printed aquatint of the early nineteenth century, for more colours were used than he suggests. His account of Ackermann's publications is perhaps the most complete that has appeared, with, however, one curious omission, namely, the "Prayer Book of Albert Dürer," which, published in 1817, was the earliest book printed in England by lithography in coloured inks, although each page separately is in monochrome.

The account of the development of chromo-lithography shows by its confusion that, like previous investigators, the author has discovered it to be one of the most obscure points in the history of the graphic arts. A very interesting book in this connection, although not English, is Barth's "Monumentum Pacis," published in 1818. This forms the last of a series of three similar works by the same author. In the first (1811) the text was surrounded with hand-coloured borders. In 1816 the second work appeared, and the borders were printed typographically in colours very much in the style of Savage. The third work of the series was a larger and more ambitious production. It appeared in 1818, and, according to a statement contained in the preface, the borders were printed in colours from stone, the first book in which this experiment had been attempted. There is no reason to doubt that this assertion is, in the main, accurate with regard to the mass of the colour-work, although there are traces of block-work in the outlining of the borders.

A mysterious point in English colour-work which does not appear to be mentioned by the author, probably because it does not strictly belong to the history of book illustration, is the rise and progress of the so-called Polygraphic Society, which published a prospectus early in the nineteenth century announcing for publication a series of facsimiles of oil-paintings reproduced by a secret process. Although it is known that this society was in existence for several years, and reproduced many works, no trace can be found of them to-day.

In reference to the three-colour process, the author does not seem to have noticed its early use in England. In 1891 *Land and Water* published a full-page three-colour plate of the winner of the Derby. This was printed by Waterlow's from plates by Boussod Valadon and Co., of Paris, and in the same year Messrs. Cassell published an illustration in the *Magazine of Art* produced in the same manner.

The earlier portion of Mr. Hardie's book has been worked out with far greater fullness than the later chapters, but he is undoubtedly *au courant* with the most recent developments of illustration in colour, and his contribution to the literature of the subject is to be welcomed because the available information is limited.

The reproductions in the book are, with one or two exceptions, in the three-colour process, but, as Mr. Hardie himself says of such work, "the results are very uneven."

ROBERT ALEXANDER.

Reduced in size.

"Christie's Auction Rooms," by J. Bluck, after Rowlandson and Pugin.

(Reproduced from Martin Hardie's "English Coloured Books," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

BAUDELAIRE.*

We have heard a lecturer of the Paris University, a master of English and his own tongue, declare that Kipling's

* "English Coloured Books." By Martin Hardie. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

* "The Poems of Charles Baudelaire." Selected and Translated from the French, with an Introduction, by F. P. Sturm. 1s. The Canterbury Poets. (Walter Scott.)

and Baudelaire's poetry were equally impossible to translate, but for opposite reasons. French was not made to render Kipling's extraordinary profusion of words, the *hit or miss* quality of his style. Baudelaire's language is so concentrated and precise, so packed, that he can hardly be translated without dilution or change of meaning. He had, moreover, that faculty of using prosaic words for poetical purposes, of forcing poetical associations on a commonplace expression, which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the translator. Take a line from "Le Chat":

"Retiens les griffes de ta patte."

How is it to be translated without change of meaning? "Keep in the claws of thy paw." "Claws in!" It is flat prose in English. Or take the second stanza of the same poem:

"Lorsque mes doigts caressent à loisir
Ta tête et ton dos élastique
Et que ma main s'enivre du plaisir
De palper ton corps électrique. . ."

"Elastic" is a difficult word to deal with. "Electric" is hopelessly associated in English with dynamos and quack elixirs; the word jars in Shelley; and unless the translator has the genius of Baudelaire himself, he cannot make it serve a poetical purpose. Mr. Sturm has not translated "Le Chat," but the beautiful "La Musique" well illustrates his difficulties.

"La poitrine en avant et les poumons gonflés
Comme de la toile
J'escalade le dos des flots amoncelés
Que la nuit me voile;
Je sens vibrer en moi toutes les passions
D'un vaisseau qui souffre. . .

"With breast advanced, drinking the winds that flee,
And through the cordage wail,
I mount the hurrying waves night hides from me
Beneath her sombre veil.
I feel the tremblings of all passions known
To ships before the breeze. . . ."

How diluted is the English! It has not the vision-raising power of the original, yet in what way exactly could Mr. Sturm have bettered it? Since it is our intention to recommend this little volume, not to carp at it, we quote in full the sonnet, "Beauty":

"I am as lovely as a dream in stone,
And this my heart where each finds death in turn,
Inspires the poet with a love as lone
As clay eternal and as taciturn.
Swan-white of heart, a sphinx no mortal knows,
My throne is in the heaven's azure deep;
I hate all movements that disturb my pose,
I smile not ever, neither do I weep.
Before my monumental attitudes,
That breathe a soul into the plastic arts,
My poets pray in austere studious moods,
For I to fold enchantment round their hearts,
Have pools of light where beauty flames and dies,
The placid mirrors of my luminous eyes."

Here we recognise at once the deliberate music, the *netteté* of language and imagery, and the peculiar savour of Baudelaire's verse. It seems a pity that the splendid "Hymne à la Beauté"—the poem above all in which Baudelaire let himself go, so to speak—is not included. Mr. Sturm has, however, translated eighteen of the more characteristic "Petits Poèmes en Prose." We hold to the opinion, based on a book of Baudelairiana which is apparently little known, that "Les Fleurs du Mal" and its author are somewhat misinterpreted. Mr. Sturm supplies a sufficient, if slightly high-flown, introduction on the established lines of criticism. This volume of the Canterbury Poets will give a fair idea of the French poet to those who cannot read the original, and will interest those who can.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS

LIFE IN THE LAW.*

Sir John Hollams's book differs from Mr. Witt's in respect that the Jottings of the aged and eminent solicitor deal in graver style with the legal profession and his memories of it, than do the chapters of the King's Counsel. Sir John has an anecdote or two; but it is not on anecdotes that his book relies; whereas "Life in the Law" is largely composed of anecdotes, many of them good and new.

Sir John, partner in the firm of Hollams, Sons, Coward and Hawksley, was born in 1820, and came to London in 1840—in days when the only railway from the town was that to Greenwich, when one of the sights was to see the mail coaches leave St. Martin's le Grand in the evening, and when (Sir John writes) the invariable price of the best oysters was sixpence a dozen, while the maximum price of a cigar was threepence. Everything, however, was not proportionately cheap in these early legal years of the solicitor. Law was dear. The machinery of pleading appeared to be devised with the view of creating useless expense, "but," says Sir John naïvely, "both branches of the profession profited by it, and things were allowed to go on without protest." Of the old forms of procedure Sir John has much to tell that is curious, and in the course of the telling he makes clear that he prefers the new. He thinks it remarkable that some old practitioners are still to be found who are disposed to sneer at the Judicature Acts and all modern changes, and to suggest that the old system had its advantages. "It may be," he writes, "and probably is, true that the result of the change, as to the ability of the parties to give evidence on their own behalf, has been to increase perjury as well as to prolong trials, but beyond doubt it has in numberless cases enabled justice to be done." Regarding the cost of jury trials Sir John has a good deal to say, and he is vigorously opposed to the new practice of yielding to the application by the jury for payment day by day, instead of by the recognised fee of one guinea for each case. Undoubtedly this frequently prolongs trials, and adds to their expense—though one may not go so far as the author, who styles the practice a "kind of blackmail." He puts down the cost of trial by jury at ten shillings a minute—but the kind of trial, the kind of jury, and the kind of calculation that has been the means of arriving at this figure are not stated. Serious as is the cost of trials, he does not think it is the chief cause of the reluctance of mercantile men to embark in litigation. (Sir John mentions mercantile men because his experiences have been for a great part in mercantile cases.) This reluctance is explained in these words: "At the present day it is impossible to give any reasonable estimate as to the time within which the litigation may end, or as to the expense which it may involve." Almost every decision is subject to the risk of appeal to the Court of Appeal, and from that Court to the House of Lords, and those successive appeals may happen more than once in the same case. The practical mischief from this unrestricted right of appeal arises from the modern system introduced by the Courts of allowing the successful appellant the cost of the Appeal, and of the decision appealed from. Sir John Hollams's belief is that the great majority of litigants would be content with a patient hearing before a judge, and to abide by his decision. On these and many other subjects—including proceedings in Chancery, Private Bill Legislation in Parliament, land transfer, limited liability, Statute of Frauds—he shows forth his opinion; and that his opinion is worth having is common knowledge to the profession and a large section of the British public. Sir John's record is a distinguished one; and in considering it one has to remember that when he began he did not know a soul in the City of London.

It is a book of great interest for those in the legal profession, and for those who think of entering it. For the benefit of the second class these concluding words may be quoted: "I may be said to have been fortunate, but I believe that the road to such success as I have had is open to any young man entering the profession who may choose to follow it, and abstain from money-lending, company-promoting, financing builders, speculative business, and give constant, careful and anxious thought and attention to the professional business entrusted to him."

The volume by Mr. Witt (whose recent death in a London omnibus will be remembered) is constructed on no particular plan. In the throwing together of his reminiscences—reminiscences extending over some fifty years, during which he came into contact with the most famous legal men of the day—he has kept in mind always to be light and genial, and he has succeeded. Still, there is an undercurrent of sound advice from which judges, barristers, solicitors and litigating members of the public may derive benefit. To give many extracts would be unfair to a book which ought to, and

* "The Jottings of an Old Solicitor." By Sir John Hollams. 8s. net. (Murray.)

"Life in the Law." By John George Witt, K.C. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

doubtless will, have a very large circulation, but one or two may be given as examples:—A Mr. Williams was called in a horse case to prove that a horse was a "roarer":—

"Serjeant Ballantine was on the other side, and in his best Mephistophelian manner he said to the witness, 'If you say that my client's horse was a roarer, just represent to the jury the sort of noise he made.' 'No,' said Mr. Williams, 'you see that is not my business. Now, if you will be the horse and make the noise, I, as veterinary surgeon, will determine whether you are a roarer or not.' This closed the cross-examination."

There is a story about a learned counsel of ferocious mien and loud voice, appearing before Mr. Justice Maule. No reply could be got from an elderly lady in the witness-box. "I really cannot answer," said the trembling lady. "Why not, ma'am?" asked the judge. "Because, my lord, he frightens me so." "So he does me, ma'am," said the judge.

Having remarked that scepticism as to the integrity of barristers is not unknown, Mr. Witt has this:—

"I remember marching out of the Temple in the ranks of the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers in all the pride and panoply of war, and hearing in Fleet Street this conversation: 'Fine fellows, ain't they, George?' 'Yes, Bill, they are. Why, they're bigger and better than the Grenadiers. What a pity they are such a set of rogues!'"

A genial "rogue" was lost to the law when George Witt died.

FROM RAEBURN AND WILKIE.*

Mr. W. D. McKay, himself a Member of the R.S.A. and its Librarian, has done a sound and an exceedingly well-written book on Scottish Painting. The School of course has no antiquity. Mr. McKay, submitting to the convention in such cases, takes us back to Jamesone and the seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century face-painters, but evidently he was inclined rather to begin straightway with Raeburn. It is not until he reaches him and Wilkie that we get that particular and expert criticism which gives his volume its special value. Tradition says that Jamesone was a student with Vandyck in the studio of Rubens. Mr. McKay does not set that story quite aside, but he finds no corroboration of it in the artist's work. He believes that "our Scottish Vandyck" would have made more of the privilege of coming under the great Fleming's tuition. Jamesone was one of the wonderful native growths so often found in painting; it is difficult to tell whence he derived, and he founded no school. Michael Wright, his pupil, so 'tis said, settled early in London, and for the rest of his life played second fiddle to the foreigners who were favoured of Fashion in the South. In Scotland, also, there were foreigners taking the cream of the portrait practice. John Scougal was almost the only native painter who successfully set up a rival easel in Edinburgh to Sir John de Medina, a Belgian by birth, a Spaniard by extraction, and the last knight created before the Union. But whether they practised abroad or in their own country, the Scottish painters all paid Italy a visit. David Allan did and Raeburn did, the two men who broke away from the classic convention in the eighteenth century. But Raeburn only was strong enough to establish a tradition in its place. Allan did no more than hint at the movement started by Wilkie half a century later.

If we wonder how we are to account for Jamesone, still more must we wonder it of Raeburn and of Wilkie. Before he went to Rome Raeburn was painting in his own particular manner, square touch and all, which he developed, never changed. But his manner of painting was less of an innovation than his manner of seeing. In his appreciation of atmosphere, of "the third dimension" (Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's phrase), Raeburn was a modern. Unfortunately he was not garrulous concerning himself, and so our curiosity is not satisfied as to how he "found himself" or about the genesis of the Scottish school. In some forty extremely interesting pages Mr. McKay takes us through Raeburn's work, from the pictures at Raith, the "Dr. Spens" and the "Sir John Sinclair," to late examples like the "Mrs. Scott Moncrieff," singling out for special exposition the "Alastair Macdonald of Glengarry." He suggests that this portrait may have been painted in the Chieftain's own hall and not in the studio, and holds that in it, at any rate, with its more natural treatment, Raeburn strikes the modern note most loudly. Thirty years later came David Wilkie, not less remarkable for power of painting early acquired, and, because of his subjects and a bigger world to appeal to, achieving a more immediate triumph. Indeed, one ought not to speak of his power of painting as acquired: it was a gift. Wilkie is not in the fashion to-day, though he may very well be to-morrow, and it has been overlooked that it was exactly a hundred years ago this spring that he exhibited the "Village Politicians" at the Royal Academy, and at twenty awoke one May morning to find himself the most-talked-of man in London. Only six years earlier, his drawings had failed to pass muster for entrance to the Trustees' Academy, and he was permitted to enter it by the intervention of the Earl of Leven. It has always been said of Scottish painters that at least they could *paint*, and their never-failing dexterity, as Mr. McKay says, is a legacy from Wilkie.

These were the founders and the chief figures of the School, and Mr. McKay writes about them in a most illuminating way. But he accomplishes quite as successfully the less easy task of interesting us with detailed criticism of those who were their contemporaries or followed them. His pages, for example, on Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Macnee—fine portrait painters who carried on the Raeburn tradition without loss of individuality—and on William Allan and Andrew Geddes in other fields, are discriminating, and have, moreover, a general value beyond the particular examples which they discuss. The difficulty—and the illustrations in this volume, though shrewdly chosen, cannot remove it—is that these men, and Harvey and Scott Lauder after them, even to those outside Scotland who are familiar with their names, do not immediately link in the mind with special pictures, as do Grant and Phillip and others who went South. This is of course equally true in Scottish landscape, which, it is noted, was given impetus and direction by Thomson of Duddingston rather than by Nasmyth. Scottish painters have always been divided into two classes—those who stayed at home and those who settled in London. Those who were eager for the wider recognition gained their desire by joining the ranks of the latter, but nothing more. We are struck, in considering the members of both, how little the *locale* seems to have influenced the trend of their work. Most who migrated, no doubt, were formed before they made the change. From the criticism of want of general cultivation which is sometimes levelled against the Scot in paint (nothing can be said of his workmanship), and is, we are inclined to think, due to a certain obvious sentiment he frequently has indulged in, the "London-Scottish" have not escaped any more than their stay-at-home compatriots. We are thinking more particularly, however, of developments that do not come within the scope of Mr. McKay's volume, which ends with Fettes Douglas and the young men of the Forties. Nearly fifty years of the Scottish School, therefore, and these by no means the least interesting or significant, remain to be discussed. Since Mr. McKay declines the task—for we take it that he declines it by stopping where he does—it will be difficult to find for it a painter or a layman of his sound judgment with a pen so lucid and sensitive to express it.

* "The Scottish School of Painting." By William D. McKay, R.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

Mr. Baughan is one of the "new" critics of music and the theatre whose methods and standards are gradually replacing those of the old. Throughout he treats music in its larger and higher forms as an art of emotional expression in tones. Throughout he judges that expression by the individual impressions of a sensitive, experienced, imaginative hearer who guides sensation and tempers imagination by assimilated knowledge and a sane outlook upon music, musicians, listeners, and life itself. He writes with the directness of sincerity and with the simplicity of ordered thought. In a quarter of the book he discusses the "tone-poems" of Richard Strauss with an insight that is the more acute and sympathetic because it never thins into vague enthusiasm or curdles into resentful detraction. A chapter falls to Elgar, whom Mr. Baughan seems to regard as an orchestral composer too prone to add the voice to the number of his instruments. Two or three short essays

* "Music and Musicians." By Edward Algernon Baughan. 6s. (John Lane.)

recite the disillusions that sooner or later assail most of those who hear Wagner's music-dramas many times.

The rest of the book Mr. Baughan calls "random reflections" that range over the listeners to music, the performers and the critics of it, and the tendencies of some of its forms. He is pleasantly human, and sometimes humorous, when he writes of the listeners. With the performers he is lucid and penetrating in his understanding of the finer and deeper qualities of which "technique" is the perfect and controlled means of expression. With the critics, he is modestly steadfast in his insistence upon the larger aspects and things of music. With the future he is one who accepts gladly the musical tendencies of our time because he can link them with the past and so estimate the future—until some genius, like Wagner in opera or Richard Strauss in "programme music," sets anticipation at naught. Everywhere Mr. Baughan has contrived to be individual without regarding the things criticised as happy means to project and illumine the critic. Such sanity is the crowning virtue of the "new" criticism and its safeguard against extravagant "impressionism." It and a wise choice keep these selections from twelve years of musical reviewing in magazines and newspapers notably fresh and stimulating.

Novel Notes.

THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S. By H. N. Dickinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Any reader who holds strong views as to the necessity for novels being as probable as possible had better not undertake this book. Frankly, the story is impossible. It is from start to finish purely a political novel (the few women who come into the pages seem to be as earnest politicians as the men), of which the central figure is Lord Charles Brandon, who, after being adopted as the Liberal candidate for Cayle, suddenly turns Tory at one of his own meetings and carries his audience with him, and ends by calling for cheers for Mr. Chamberlain. Nor is that all. After promising to work for the Tory candidate, Brandon—whose hero appropriately enough seems to be Themistocles—inaugurates a rifle club, which he soon turns into a political machine, and thereby eventually gets himself adopted as the Tory candidate. It should be pretty obvious that a plot like this puts a considerable strain upon one's imagination, but, apart from this defect, the book is interesting enough to read. Mr. Dickinson has none of the humour with which Dickens or Thackeray treated their election incidents, nor, on the other hand, does he excite the same interest as one feels when following the political career of a Beauchamp. And yet it would probably be safe enough to guess that many of the views, and even the actual phrases and epigrams, employed by the different characters have been taken direct from life, and, if the guess be accurate, the book becomes amusing as showing what outlook the young undergraduate Tory democrat at Oxford has to-day upon Imperial problems. In a word, the book is not quite a success, but it goes so near being one that one can read it with more pleasure than many other books the faults of which are less obvious and crude.

THE COMPROMISE. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The tendency of modern fiction is towards an over-indulgence in local colour. Present-day novelists appear to think that the most commonplace story can be given an air of freshness and originality if the scene is laid in Timbuctoo or Wei-hai-wei. That there is a legitimate use of local colour is not to be denied; but it may be taken as a sound rule that where a story is independent of its local setting, and might be set against a different background without undergoing any vital change, over-insistence upon local peculiarities and scenery is otiose and irrelevant. "Dorothea Gerard" is one of the most successful "local colourists," and her wide knowledge of strange lands and strange people has often been used to excellent advantage. But success in any particular *genre* brings its own peculiar temptations; it is apt to degenerate into a habit, and in the case of "The Compromise" we cannot help feeling that Madame de Longgarde has made a mistake. It is obvious that she has visited a Scotch slate quarry, and her record of the scenery and the inhabitants does credit to her powers of observation. But the book is patchy, streaks of scenery alternating with slabs of narrative. The story is commonplace, a study in heredity, the scene of which might with equal and, perhaps, even greater probability have been laid in Upper Tooting. Given a shallow and frivolous woman, with social ambitions, married to a serious and simple-minded man, the question is, What will happen to the children on the assumption that the mother's influence is allowed to dominate their upbringing? Will the father's character show itself at all in the children? The problem is one of frequent occurrence, and Madame de Longgarde's treatment of it is adequate, if not illuminating. But it has no essential connection with Highland slate quarries, and the elaboration of the background is inartistic. The whole book is rather mechanical, and the style is not marked by "Dorothea Gerard's" usual lightness of touch. It is pleasant reading, but disappointing after "An Improbable Idyl."

THE EVASION. By E. B. Fotheringham. 6s. (Constable.)

Apart from "The Jungle," the interest of which is mainly stomachic, recent American fiction has been singularly devoid of novelty. There is something oddly antiquated about the ordinary American novel. All the stale *clichés* and stock characters, worn threadbare this ten years or more, are dished up undisguised even by any literary equivalent for those chemical elixirs by which the Chicago packer imparts a spurious juvenility to senile hams. In "The Evasion" we renew our acquaintance with our old friend, the magnanimous idiot, who takes upon himself the guilt of his loved one's handsome (but of course entirely worthless) idol. After this it is not surprising to find that the motor in which the faithless husband elopes with someone else's tiresome wife is opportunely smashed. Mr. Fotheringham is certainly painstaking, and he takes himself and American society with a seriousness which the latter at least, if we may judge from his picture of it, does not deserve. His characters are vapid by nature and vicious from a sense of duty, and his heroine has an exasperating habit of doing the wrong thing from the highest motives. "She cried out that she had been a fool—a fool—and sank upon the ground, writhing and crouching there, sobbing harshly and wildly, with her forehead on the floor and her hands clasped behind her neck." With the heroine's estimate of herself we have no quarrel. It is the only entirely sensible thing she says, but her position is characteristic of Mr. Fotheringham's methods. It is scarcely surprising that her husband's voice "sounded oddly incompetent," and that Mr. Fotheringham still believes in that exploded fallacy, "the strong, silent man."

THE REVELATIONS OF INSPECTOR MORGAN. By Oswald Crawfurd. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

In selecting for his hero a member of the professional police force, Mr. Crawfurd gives promise of an originality which his book fails to fulfil. Hitherto the detectives of fiction have been dilettante amateurs who have unravelled complex crimes by a diligent study of footmarks and tobacco ash, to the utter confusion of the more prosaic professional, and have generally ended by condoning a felony from sentimental motives. Mr. Crawfurd certainly deserves the gratitude of Scotland Yard, and he has grasped the essential paradox of crime, that the real difficulty is not to find the criminal, but to collect sufficient evidence to convince a jury. A detective story, like any other form of the novel of adventure, may appeal to the reader either by the ingenuity of the plot or by the development of the characters of the actors. The connoisseur in crime will not find anything startlingly original in the crimes revealed by Inspector Morgan. "The Flying Man" is perhaps the most ingenious, but the idea is not new, and there is little in any of the stories to puzzle the experienced reader. As regards characterisation, Mr. Crawfurd has failed to impart much vitality to the admirable Inspector, and the other actors are the merest puppets. The truth is that the professional detective is too much an official and too little a man to lend himself to romance, and Mr. Crawfurd's conscientious refusal to endow his hero with any of those little idiosyn-

crasies which gave vitality to the immortal Sherlock Holmes has only resulted in divesting him of all unreality without making him in any way real.

THE HOUSE OF SOULS. By Arthur Machen. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

Four years ago, in a brilliant, wilful and enchanting book of criticism called "Hieroglyphics," Mr. Machen discovered that ecstasy made literature, that literature meant "the expression of the eternal human ecstasy in the medium of words." The book itself, whatever may be said for or against its view of Homer, Cervantes, Rabelais, Keats and Mr. Hardy, was undoubtedly flavoured deliciously either by the true ecstasy or by a very passionate desire for it. And now in a dozen stories of modern life Mr. Machen undertakes the perilous adventure of revealing to the world how far his theory had its roots in his own view of life. For in each of these stories he endeavours to build a tower of ivory upon a foundation of commonplace human life. Here are journalists, city clerks, doctors, men of science, men about town, Londoners all, whom he exalts, or tries to exalt, by showing their apprehension of the mystery of life. They have haunting dreams, astonishing and awful adventures, immense and very ambitious. They see that "the whole world is but a great ceremony or sacrament, which teaches under visible forms a hidden and transcendent doctrine." They know "a real world . . . beyond this glamour and this vision." To them the criticism of life theory about literature is absurd. They stand "amidst sacraments and mysteries full of awe, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." They live "in an unknown world, a place where there are caves and shadows and dwellers in twilight." We find these words and such as these obtrusive, not only because they have strayed out of "Hieroglyphics," but because they make us now and then painfully conscious of what the author is trying to do. Nevertheless, the stories survive this test, and are seen to be admirable in their kind. Poe's tales, Mr. Yeats' "Tables of the Law," Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" seem to have been put into a crucible with some other strange element, and to have produced a fantastic order of stories which acknowledges and does honour to its parentage. They are rich in mere observation, but above all in suggestion of the mysterious and terrible. There is one story, for example, founded on a professor's hypothesis that "a race which had fallen out of the grand march of evolution might have retained, as a survival, certain powers which would be to us wholly miraculous," and with exquisite skill it is taken out of the region of extravagant inventions into one of true mystery. We cannot but notice and praise the feeling for South Welsh landscape which again and again in this book strikes a deep and fascinating note.

MAN AND MAID. By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Here we have the author of "The Treasure-Seekers" grown up, and in many moods, for man and maid are revealed by her in thirteen separate stories; and thirteen separate stories on such subjects mean at least about twenty-six phases apiece. In the short, pointed, clear-cut love-story, we knew before that E. Nesbit could achieve most attractive, most engaging results; but her power in dealing with subjects which may be called "horrific" is less well-known, and undoubtedly she can make the flesh creep. Indeed, in one chapter, "The House of Silence," she has written with restraint and skill a short story which gives us an entirely fresh insight to her capacities. "The Power of Darkness" is thrilling, but "The House of Silence" has an almost allegorical force. Other stories in the book are light and airy, amusing and tender, with the author's well-known delicacy of treatment. Her observation, her apt phrase, her kindly criticism of human weaknesses are to be found in all her work. Cheerful toleration is characteristic of her, and it leaves her readers pleased always with the present volume and expectant for the future one.

THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Pitman.)

One matter for congratulation is that Mr. Benson has not made his new historical novel from the easy recipes that have been so popular of late years that they have grown tiresomely conventional. He has given us no lovely, persecuted heroine, and no dashing and irresistible hero, who is always arriving everywhere just in the nick of time to do something thrilling and save the situation. In a style that is admirably lucid and simple (though one wishes he would curb an inclination to colloquialism when one reads of people being "horribly ill," "horribly distressed," or "horribly startled"), he tells the story of the dark and troubled reign of Queen Mary, as it was known to Guy Manton, who served her Majesty as a gentleman usher. He has drawn the pathetically unlovable character of Mary clearly, and with a very sympathetic insight, and has woven the principal events of her life, and the leading men of her age, into a brilliant and fascinating romance that is the better and more interesting for being occasionally coloured with something of partiality for her cause. The closing scene, where the Queen lies dying, deserted and almost alone, is a finely imagined and poignant piece of work. Alike for its characterisation and its narrative power this is an able and exceptionally interesting book.

A GIRL OF RESOURCE. By Eyre Hussey. 6s. (Longmans.)

A heroine who, possessing a sense of humour, has browsed in childhood upon the inimitable pages of "Sandford and Merton," and who has, herself, a story or a quotation for every occasion is an out of the common heroine. There are a few things this good-looking girl of nineteen cannot do, but those are just the few things she does not wish to do, and the reader acknowledges that any accomplishments beyond those she is skilled in are quite unnecessary. Isabel Turner is an interesting girl, a girl of resource. We do not so much feel her charm ourselves, as realise how entirely she charms by her cleverness and self-possession, attractiveness and capability, those who come in contact with her. On the death of Isabel's devoted father, two uncles travel to see her to arrange as to her future. On the journey down their conversation is a duet of excuse, each showing reason why he should not receive the girl into his bachelor home. On the journey home, after meeting Isabel, the conversation-duet is one of argument as to which shall be blessed with her presence in his house, in spite of his housekeeper. And so it is throughout the story; by her brightness, her talents, her—what in a less dignified young woman would be called "pertness," by, in fact, her personal charm and "resourcefulness," she melts her way into many hearts, and people forgive her for being a *raconteur* in season and out of season. The author's horses are as real as her human beings, and another bright, long, engrossing book is added to her list. It is a full book, fresh, humorous, and spirited.

THE BAR SINISTER. By J. Morgan-de-Groot. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Morgan-de-Groot writes lightly, airily, treating his subject with Japanese delicacy, touching a point here, a point there, suggesting more than he puts on paper. His is the story of a Dutch youth, the child of a merchant and his parlour-maid, who marry when the woman dies in giving him birth. By Dutch law the child could be made legitimate, but the son of the merchant by an earlier marriage cheats his father into thinking that the parlour-maid had not been faithful to him, that the child is not really his. He is left illegitimate, and brought up in ignorance of his birth, and learning the secret when he comes of age feels himself bound to leave Holland and the girl he loves. The discovery of the cheat, the reinstatement of the youth, and the marriage follow as a matter of course. The idea is not new, and is only given a superficial novelty by the intricacy of Dutch law. The characters, other than the hero and heroine, are quite interesting. The youth and the girl he eventually marries, however, have to behave so as to fall in with their creator's idea of his book. They are consequently puppet-like, and pale in interest before the laws that make them possible. But the minor characters, the merchant, the old poacher, the priests and the swindling villagers, these are so good that one cannot but wish the author would write a novel in which the characters do as their natures tell them, instead of moving along the lines of a preconceived plot. The language is the English of good journalism. It suits the author well, for he sets out to make a popular novel rather than a work of art, and has indeed produced a very clever book, that is all the more likely to succeed, since it raises emotions of an admirable and enjoy-

able kind without requiring from its readers any great exercise of brain.

THE UPHILL ROAD. By E. C. Ruthven. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

No good novel is good for everybody; so much depends upon the extent to which the reader's own sympathies and experiences have fitted him to appreciate it. "The Uphill Road" is a story of a large and leisurely pattern, that to be rightly enjoyed must be read on summer afternoons in a garden. It is no book for a railway journey, or for the fireside; it is essentially for the open air, and depends more upon atmosphere and local scenery than upon incident, and more on character than on both. For reasons that are ably and very subtly unfolded, Joanna Margrath has rejected the man she loves; she leaves England for the Riviera, and makes a home for herself in a lonely, pleasant house on a hill overlooking Nice. You become acquainted with her gardener and his children; with Madame Ribera, the raw Cockney girl, married to an Italian who keeps a restaurant down in the town; with certain habitués of the restaurant, such as the simple "professor," who is led into marriage with a young lady member of a troupe of travelling minstrels, and old Monsieur de Belfort, the fervent humanitarian, who, rebelling against a life of aristocratic idleness, has alienated wife and children, been falsely accused and imprisoned as an Anarchist, and is still, at the age of eighty, working for the world's enlightenment, and knows that he is perhaps "what other people call mad." It is the wonderful life-likeness of these and other such men and women, the skill and insight with which they are depicted, and the knowledge and picturesque vividness with which certain phases of life on the Riviera are described, that give this book its unique charm and interest.

The Bookman's Table.

HAECKEL: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By William Bölsche. With Introduction and Supplementary Chapter by the Translator, Joseph McCabe. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The scientist, turned philosopher, is very apt to overreach himself; for science is not—as yet, at any rate—the whole of philosophy, nor is philosophy limited to the methods of science. Or, in other and ancient words, the whole is greater than its part; and when science, the part, pretty figure though it may be, usurps the chair of philosophy, it fails to fit and tumbles out. Haeckel, the scientist, did great and lasting work on the radiolaria, the sponges and the medusæ, and on General Morphology; but—let us out with it—Haeckel, the philosopher, is ephemeral. It is quite true, as Mr. McCabe claims, that "for good or evil Haeckel's great influence on our generation is a reality." The "Riddle of the Universe," in fifteen languages, has sold like a popular novel, and its influence, in our opinion, is ultimately for good, inasmuch as it disseminates facts which will remain when its speculation is out of date. "Monism," wrote Haeckel, "proves that God is the necessary cause of all things and the law itself." Maybe we should substitute *God is Law* for *God is Love*. But there is a growing conviction that Haeckel's particular "gospel of Monism" is anything but final. Sir Oliver Lodge, for example, has subjected it to destructive criticism, and though Mr. McCabe, Haeckel's henchman in England, has criticised Sir Oliver's counter-speculation, he has not destroyed Sir Oliver's destruction. But seeing the book in hand is a biography, is not all this beside the point? We think not. This large volume contains about as much scientifico-monistic propagandism as it does biography. Those who want the "Gospel of Monism" according to Haeckel, as interpreted by Bölsche and McCabe, will find it here. For ourselves, we frankly prefer the biographical portions. Haeckel's is a singularly charming and naïve personality. He is "one of the first living biologists," and has played an important part in the development of the theory of evolution. The record here given of his scientific and personal life is in the highest degree interesting. It is for that reason we so much regret that these biographers have cast the scientist into shadow by over-illumination of the philosophist, and have partially obscured both behind a mass of propaganda, rhetoric and platitude, together with a somewhat absurd adulation of the nineteenth century and its progress.

THE GARTER MISSION TO JAPAN. By Lord Redesdale. (Macmillan.)

In telling the story of the Garter Mission to Japan, Lord Redesdale has given us at once a valuable and a pleasant book. The actual ceremony of investing His Majesty Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, K.G., is disposed of in the first twenty pages, and Lord Redesdale is free thereafter to record in his own easy style the round of entertainments and courtesies with which the members of the mission were overwhelmed. But the real value of the book lies in the personal note. With a knowledge of Japan that goes back forty years, to days when Japan was as different from the modern Japan as England to-day is from the England of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Redesdale was, of course, singularly fitted for the task he has so successfully performed, and the many little studies in contrast which he draws of places and customs as they were then, and are (or are not) now, help one to some understanding of a national awakening unparalleled in the whole range of history. It makes us almost gasp to read of men whom Lord Redesdale first knew as powerful feudal lords having quietly resigned themselves to the position of our own county families, and when we find that such and such a famous statesman or soldier was once a mighty independent sovereign, we can only marvel at the strength and ability of the Emperor himself who has succeeded in gathering round himself such advisers. To contemporaries, moreover, the pen-pictures and anecdotes of Admiral Togo and other famous warriors are particularly interesting, and the story of how Admiral Togo and Marshalls Oyama and Yamagata wore the Order of Merit, with the words "For Merit" turned inwards until told that this was contrary to etiquette, is a delightful instance of the modesty with which the entire Japanese people has accepted its recent triumph. The only criticism one can offer is that the book is written in a monotone of praise, but then Lord Redesdale pathetically complains that everything except the weather was literally perfect, and that he could not in honesty write otherwise.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DORSET. By Sir Frederick Treves. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

If you are acquainted with the vivid and sharply realistic prose etchings in that charming book of travel, "The Other Side of the Lantern," you will know what to expect of Sir Frederick Treves when you come to read what he has written of "Highways and Byways in Dorset." It was no light matter to add a new and adequate volume to a series that has reached and maintained such a high level of literary and artistic excellence, but Sir Frederick Treves and Mr. Joseph Pennell have accomplished their undertaking with conspicuous success. Other counties may have more in them of antiquarian and historical interest, but no county included in this series can well have had more of interest got out of it than Sir Frederick Treves has got out of Dorset. His pages are coloured with stories and little impressionistic word-pictures of Dorsetshire worthies, such as Fielding, the novelist; William Barnes, the poet; Thomas Masterman Hardy, Nelson's Captain; old Thomas Fuller, Sir Walter Raleigh, and, to name no others, Thomas Hardy, who has put so much of Dorset scenery and character into his novels, and whose birthplace is pointed out at Upper Bockingham, "an ancient cottage almost hidden from sight by the bushes of its old garden on the one hand, and by the slope of the downs on the other." Also these pages are rich in rumours and remembrances of old wars, and glamorous romantic happenings; you have glimpses of King Charles lying hidden at Charmouth after the flight from Worcester; of Monmouth fleeing along the secluded lanes after the rout of Sedgemoor; of the tragic progress of Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize; all the story of what Dorset has been mingling with the story of what it is. Now and then Sir Frederick strikes a more personal note when he touches in recollections such as those of his own boyhood at West Lulworth, a picturesque hamlet of thatched cottages with a mumbling old mill, in the days when he sat in the

church of Sundays and was too small to see anything over the top of the high pew, but could hear the orchestra in the gallery, "a violin, a bass viol, a flute, and an instrument called, I believe, a serpent." Lightly and picturesquely written, full of information, and exquisitely illustrated by Mr. Pennell, this is undoubtedly the ideal guide-book happily realised.

SONGS OF THE CAR, WITH "DE OMNIBUS" RHYMES. By F. J. Cox. 3s. 6d. net. (Griffiths.)

The motor car already figures familiarly in novels and short stories, but this is the first time, if we mistake not, that it has formed the subject of a collection of humorous verse. Mr. F. J. Cox has a lively and pretty wit, and is a genuine humorist; he writes with a natural gaiety of spirit and a ripe metrical skill that should make his book welcome to the many who want only to be amused, as well as to the few who will know how to appreciate its more evasive humours and the graceful art of it all. Of the "Songs of the Car" perhaps the delightful parody of "How they brought the good news" is the smartest and most diverting, and "Motoretta" the daintiest. Among the miscellaneous verses that follow, "The Song of the Placards" is genially satirical, and "A Plain Man's Litany" quietly whimsical, but one may give a better notion of the general style and tone of the volume by quoting—not because it is better in quality than the rest of the contents, or, indeed, so good as the best of them, but simply because it represents the average, and is short enough to be given in its entirety—a quaint little lyric on "Sadie's Sandals":

"With Sadie to be up-to-date
Is life's sole art and science;
Whatever Fashion may dictate
From Sadie wins compliance;
To maids like her with modish dreams
A highly useful mem. it is:
To follow Fashion to extremes,
And even to extremities.

In proof whereof I would confide
This instance of her daring:
Her dainty shoes she's cast aside
And sandals she is wearing.
Alas! the hint is meant for me,
Whose hopes have long been fruitless;
She wills my passion e'er must be,
As now her feet are—'bootless'!"

The sixteen illustrations by Mr. Howard Somerville are excellent.

ESTO PERPETUA. Algerian Studies and Impressions. By H. Belloc. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

A few years ago Mr. Belloc made a pilgrimage on foot to Rome, and the outcome was a discursive, stimulating, provocative book, permeated by a rare *joie de vivre*. Now he has been to Northern Africa. The result is a "rambling book" that is equally suggestive, but not so provoking perhaps, unless to the "scientific" historian whom Mr. Belloc appears to scorn. Rome, "the centre and representative of the West," was the end, the final cause, one might say, of "The Path to Rome." In "Esto Perpetua" it is the base. Mr. Belloc's *joie de vivre* expanded among the quick; now it clashes with the dead. The southern coast of Europe, in his view, is not the Mediterranean, but the cliffs of Atlas, which abut on "a level of sand stretching under a small and awful sun." Barbary is a European province. "The Phœnician ruled it; Rome wrested it back; it fell for the last time when the Roman Empire declined; its reconquest has been the latest fruit of our recovery." The ancient empty city of Timgad forced Mr. Belloc to "walk with strain and care, noiselessly, as one does in shrines, or in the room of a sleeper or of the dead."

"Italy, Gaul and Spain have ruins like these [the great aqueduct near Cherchel], but those ruins are right against a life which has always been vigorous and to-day is especially renewed: only in this one province of Africa do you find Rome arrested, as it were—its spirit caught away and its body turned to stone."

"Esto Perpetua" should be read with Mr. March Phillipps's "In the Desert." On many things, notably on the Arab spirit, the two authors are in agreement; but whereas Mr. Phillipps paints with a sensitive brush the things that have impressed him, Mr. Belloc sets down vividly his own impressions of the Maghreb as it was and is. "Esto Perpetua" continually tempts one to quote phrases and sentences—illuminating scraps; from the other one would quote longer pieces or none at all; and herein the difference may be seen. Which method is the truer and deeper depends largely on each reader. In its little drawings, however—illustrations in effect no less than in name—"Esto Perpetua" has a clear advantage.

ANIMAL HEROES. By Ernest Thompson Seton. 6s. net. (Constable.)

On the subject of wolves and bears and deer Mr. Seton has held our warm regard for many a long day. Occasionally his very enthusiasm for animals leads him to touch up their portraits into something a little too human for our taste, leaving for a while in the eye of our mind a deficient man rather than an efficient animal; but in spite of this the strongest impression left is that this historian of wild creatures really does know them intimately and affectionately and comprehendingly. In this new volume, however, we have the excitement of new animals, at least, of some animals new to us in Mr. Seton's hands, and perhaps it is a certain taste for novelty which makes the stories of the cat, the pigeon and the dog our three favourite chapters out of a good eight. Never again shall we look at a slum cat with quite the same eyes, for we now know the past of a "Royal Analostan," her rise, her vicissitudes, her courage, and her placid age; and who knows but that the lank animal, stealing over the garden wall any day, may not be such another, and have the courage and endurance of a hero, and a record any athlete might envy? Perhaps the most beautiful story of all is that of "Arnaux," the Homing Pigeon. This chapter is a lesson in bird culture and in humanity. The brave little messenger, with his work and his triumphs, his dangers and his domestic trials, is as enthralling a hero as any of the monsters of the woods. We pardon the touch too much of sentiment at the end for the sake of the little Arnaux we have watched eagerly from his first journey to his last. Two hundred illustrations in Mr. Seton's admirable style add two hundred additional charms to an already attractive book.

A FRIEND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. Translated from the French of Frédéric Barbey, with a Preface by Victorien Sardou. (Chapman and Hall.)

What was the real history of the Dauphin, the Louis XVII., who never reigned in France, the little scapegoat of the Bourbons, the little victim who bore the sins of his fathers upon him, and was offered up in sacrifice to expiate them? M. Sardou tells us that a young writer "just out of the Ecole des Chartes," M. Frédéric Barbey, who was well informed upon "la Question Louis XVII.," who possessed the *flair* of a collector, and the *aplomb* of an interviewer, "with the ardent zeal of an apostle," exercised an untiring pertinacity before he succeeded in obtaining documents (of which he treats in the present volume) relating to the attempted escape of the Dauphin from the Temple. Did the little Louis escape? M. Sardou insists that although "la Question Louis XVII." is still unsolved, it is nevertheless a fact, "absolutely irrefutable," that from November, 1794, to March, 1795, the child in the jailer's hands was not the son of Louis XVI., but a substitute. The documents here discussed are largely from the correspondence of Charlotte Walpole, an actress married to Sir Edward Atkyns of Ketteringham, in Norfolk. "Not having many friends in England," we are told by a contemporary writer, Lady Atkyns passed some time in the last days of Versailles at the Court of Marie Antoinette. Henceforth, until her death in 1836, she played the part of a devoted adherent to the unhappy Royal family of France. In England she was associated with Royalist adventurers, who obtained money from her upon the pretence that they would effect the escape of the Dauphin. We are introduced to a Chevalier who was a person of sentiment, to a Baron who was "seedy," to a journalist whose name was variable and whose conscience appears to have been elastic, who was a follower of Camille Desmoulins, and suddenly became a "blazing Royalist." All these people would be interesting if they were "human documents," and spoke for themselves, but the "zeal of an apostle" (commended by M. Sardou) seems, to us, to be exercised unfortunately in this connection. We feel as if we were reading a book by Mr. Henry James, misrepresented from beginning to end by some conscientious editor who does not understand the characters and has missed the point of the story.

Notes on New Books.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

A dozen and a quarter of frankly Bohemian stories are cleverly told by Mr. Leonard Merrick, and grouped under the title **Whispers About Women** (6s.). The background of many of these is France, the land Mr. Merrick knows so well and uses so artistically. Raciness, wit, and fun come into many of these narratives, but there are both tender and tragic situations also, and all are touched with a delicacy which in itself recalls the methods of France.

MESSRS. F. WARNE AND CO.

We like to call particular attention to the book by Richard Smith, F.E.S., **The Butterflies of the British Isles** (6s.), in the "Wayside and Woodland" Series, on account of its illustrations. There are several coloured pictures of each butterfly, to show the male and female, the underside, and the varieties. Thus, of the Wood White there are ten examples, half of them showing the variation in the second brood of the year. Not only are these illustrations well chosen, but the colours are more satisfactory than any we have seen before. The only fault is, perhaps, inevitable: the drawings are obviously made from set specimens. There are also drawings of caterpillars and pupæ. The descriptions are terse and good, and there is a chapter on collecting.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. Douglas Dewar, F.Z.S., has written a fancifully entitled book, **Bombay Ducks,** or Birds and Beasts found in a Naturalist's El Dorado (16s.). It consists of forty lively and ingenious chapters on Indian birds and beasts, kingfishers, parrots, flying foxes, hoopoes, kites, etc. The author has a good eye, an unusually vivid intelligence, and a readable style. He dips suggestively into some interesting subjects, and his descriptions are always engaging. The photographs by Captain F. D. S. Fayrer are very good and well reproduced: in fact, there have never been better photographs of birds.

MESSRS. A. R. MOWBRAY AND CO.

Old Soho Days, and Other Memories, by the Mother Kate, of St. Saviour's Priory (2s. 6d. net), is a book of many charms and attractions. To begin with, it is prettily written; then, allowing for an unquenchable enthusiasm, it is an excellent account of things as they were and are, for those who are bent on mere enquiry; and in addition to these qualities, it is an amusing, pathetic, inspiring, encouraging, praiseworthy picture of life in what we may be forgiven for considering one of the ugliest districts in London. Mother Kate has taken for this volume certain days, certain experiences, certain workers, and with description, reminiscence, and anecdote has written for us a biography of a mission—for it is other and more than the history of a place: it is the salvage of a people by a few persons. The people made the place hideous. The persons have slowly changed it, and are changing it, for the better.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

Hampstead has a history which for literary interest at any rate will compare favourably with any other part of outer London. It was a happy thought of the anonymous A. M. C., therefore, to compile a little book of the writings of the poets who have either lived at or sung of Hampstead. **The Hampstead Garner** (3s. 6d. net) gives extracts from the poems of lovers of these Northern Heights for every day in the year. Keats and Blake, Leigh Hunt and Samuel Rogers, Joanna Baillie and Shelley, George Crabbe, Mrs. Barbauld, Pope, Wordsworth and Johnson, Dr. Akenside, Dr. Arbuthnot, Coventry Patmore, and Newman Hall—these are among the names which frequently adorn these pages. The little book is tastefully produced and boasts a Preface from the pen of Mr. C. K. Shorter, whose knowledge of Hampstead has been long and intimate. An interesting view of Holly Bush Hill, from an old engraving, forms the frontispiece.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

Miss Elsie Fogerty has done a piece of work for which a need has long been felt by many amateur actors. She has taken certain **Scenes from the Great Novelists** (6d. net) and has adapted and arranged them for amateur performances. It is a volume in a series of "Standard Plays for Amateur Performance," the earlier volumes in which have each been concerned with one subject. But this book of "Scenes" is the book many have been wishing and waiting for. In it we find scenes from "The Abbot," "The Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," and "A Christmas Carol," with stage directions and valuable hints as to dresses, and so forth. We want now to see a companion volume with scenes from the inimitable "Cranford," and from some of Miss Austen's novels, for instance. The idea is a capital one, and Miss Fogerty has shaped her scenes well, but we feel that she might have allowed herself to use her material even more fully.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

As we speak of occasional verse, we might describe one school of modern fiction as occasional novels. This might serve as a pleasing variation for the stock phrase, "bright and up-to-date." To this class belongs the work of Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland, who was recently romancing about a motor-car. In **The Financier** (6s.) Mr. Harris-Burland handles Imperialism, and two at least of his characters will be easily identified by his readers. Britain and Germany are rivals for Mashangweland. As no gold has been found there, the British elector has shown no zeal in the matter, much to the disappointment of Mr. John Gramphorn, millionaire and patriot. So Mr. Gramphorn arranges that gold should be found in Mashangweland, and in the long run his bold stratagem is justified by the discovery of a genuine reef. The characterisation is not very profound, but it is a very readable novel, and an excellent example of its kind.

MR. PHILIP WELLBY.

At school Fraser Burnley displayed scientific attainments resembling those of Tom Browne's friend Martin. He lost no opportunity of trying to blow himself and his friends up. A few years later he made a surprising discovery which enabled him to control the force of gravity and to utilise it for the propulsion of his marvellous air-ship, the "Regina," which could speed through space at the rate of five hundred miles an hour. It is this voyage which is described in **The Stolen Planet,** by John Mastin, (6s.), an interesting story in the Jules Verne manner, which quite realises its ambition "of giving to our youth technical instruction, combined with excitement of a healthy kind, every incident related being based on scientific facts."

New Books of the Month.

JUNE 10TH TO JULY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CHADWICK, W. EDWARD, B.D., B.Sc.—The Social Teaching of St. Paul. 3s. 6d. ..... (Camb. Univ. Press)

GLEDSTONE, JAMES PATERSON.—Should Christians Make Fortunes? 2s. net ..... (Headley)

Mr. Gledstone, student and editor of the Diary of George Whitefield, gives us food for thought in this small volume. He writes very justly and clearly of the freaks of fashion, and the sins of capitalists. To balance matters, it would have been a more thorough account if the author had touched upon those of the poor who are extravagant and improvident, and their demand that the rich shall be extravagant to give employment to the poor. The Christianity of the right use of wealth, and the iniquity of the business of "combines" and "trusts," are dwelt upon forcibly and with warning.

HADDON, ALFRED C., Sc.D., F.R.S.—Magic and Fetishism. 1s. net ..... (Constable)

An interesting and suggestive volume in Messrs. Constable's excellent series of "Religions Ancient and Modern." It handles numerous points connected with early customs and folk-lore, describes systems and ceremonies of the barbaric races, and gives in very small compass a valuable account of a very large subject.

INGE, WILLIAM RALPH, M.A., D.D.—Truth and Falsehood in Religion. 5s. net. ..... (John Murray)

INGRAM, RT. REV. A. F. WINNINGTON, D.D.—A Mission of the Spirit. 1s. and 2s. 6d. ..... (Wells, Gardner)

A volume of sermons and addresses, plain-spoken yet encouraging. The power of the Holy Ghost is faithfully impressed. The need for self-control, for enthusiasm, for faith, for love, is preached, and the whole tone of the words is stirring and strengthening.

JONES, RUFUS M., M.A., Litt.D.—The Double Search. 2s. net ..... (Headley)

JOWETT, BENJAMIN. — Theological Essays, Selected, Arranged, and Edited by Lewis Campbell. 2s. 6d. net (Frowde)

ROPES, JAMES HARDY.—The Apostolic Age in the Light of Modern Criticism. 6s. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Unitarians, The Religion and Theology of. By Various Writers. 2s. net ..... (Brit. and Foreign Unitarian Association)

Westminster Lectures. Second Series. Miracles, by W. B. Marsh; The Secret of the Cell, by B. C. A. Windle, M.D.; Evil: Its Nature and Cause, by Rev. A. B. Sharpe, M.A.; Science and Faith, by Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D.; The Higher Criticism, by Rev. William Barry, D.D.; The Divinity of Christ, by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. 6d. net each ..... (Sands and Co.)

FICTION.

ARNOLD, EDMUND.—Ted Buss, the Cripple. 3s. 6d. (H. J. Drane)

Balmanno: The City of Our Quest, and Its Social Problems. 1s. net ..... (Alex. Gardner, Paisley)

"Barbara." The Garden, You and I. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)

BINDLOSS, HAROLD.—The Cattle-Baron's Daughter. 6s. (John Long)

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, JOHN.—Traitor and True. 6s. (John Long)

BURMESTER, FRANCES G.—Clemency Shafto. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

CHURCHILL, WINSTON.—Coniston. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
CROMMELIN, MAY.—Phœbe of the White Farm. 6s. (John Long)
DEAN, ELLIS.—The New Matron. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Bess of the Woods. 6s. ... (Harper)
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM.—Joseph Vance: An Ill-Written Autobiography. 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
ECCOTT, W. J.—His Indolence of Arras. 6d. ... (Blackwood)
ELLIOTT, ROBERT.—Hi-Yon. 2s. 6d. net (Sealy, Bryers and Walker)
EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN.—The Master of Marshlands. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—The Bridal of Anstace. 6s. (John Lane)
Grimm, Stories from, told to the Children. By Amy Steedman. Coloured Pictures. 1s. 6d. net ... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER.—A Motor-Car Divorce. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Duckworth)
HARRISON, MRS. BURTON.—Latter-Day Sweethearts. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

A bright, quick story of love and social life on board a huge steamer crossing from America. There are two heroines in it, both American, both good to look at, both good at heart, one well up the American social tree, one very much nearer the bottom. The English peer, who is also on board, feels the charm of both girls—he wins one of them. The novel is modern and light in the best sense of both words.

HAWTREY, VALENTINA.—Suzanne. 6s. ..... (John Murray)
HILLIERS, ASHTON.—An Old Score. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HUSSEY, EYRE.—A Girl of Resource. 6s. ..... (Longmans)
KATE, MOTHER.—Old Soho Days. 2s. 6d. net ... (Mowbray)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Woman at Kensington. 6s. (Cassell)

Mystery, and a scandalous one, is the basis of Mr. Le Queux's latest story. Out of a member of Parliament with a past, a "striking-looking, dark-eyed woman," a lovely girl and a handsome young man whose happiness depend upon the honourable explanation of the trouble, the author could be trusted to manipulate something thrilling. How did Sir Charles get his money? That is the question. The dark-eyed woman says: "Charles Somerford, you shall experience my power." He says: "Be it so, Teresa." She has a "hard, vindictive laugh." He sinks into a seat and breathes heavily. It is a sensational remixture of reliable ingredients.

LONG, JOHN LUTHER.—The Way of the Gods. 6s. (Macmillan)
MACPHAIL, ANDREW.—The Vine of Sibmah. 6s. (Macmillan)
MARSH, RICHARD.—Under One Flag. 6s. ..... (John Long)
MASTIN, JOHN, R.B.A., F.R.M.S.—The Stolen Planet. 3s. 6d. ... . (Philip Wellby)
MAUD, CONSTANCE ELIZABETH.—Felicity in France. 6s. (Heinemann)
MERRICK, LEONARD.—Whispers About Women. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
MUDDOCK, J. E.—The Alluring Flame. 6s. ..... (John Long)
NESBIT, E.—Man and Maid. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
PEASE, HOWARD.—Of Mistress Eve. 6s. ..... (Constable)
PHELPS, SYDNEY, and BIRDEY M. O'REILLY.—Where Two Worlds Meet. 6s. ..... (Francis Griffiths)
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.—Animal Heroes. 6s. net (Constable)
SMITH, MARGARET.—Frere's Housekeeper. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
SPEIGHT, T. W.—Under a Cloud. 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
STRANGER, POYNTON.—Toll Marsh. 6s. ..... (Skeffington)
STURGIS, HOWARD OVERING.—All That Was Possible. 6s. (Constable)
TOBITT, JANE.—The Eternal Triangle. 3s. 6d. (Sidney Appleton)
TOLSTOY, LEO.—The Divine and the Human, and Other Stories. 6d. net ..... (Free Age Press)
VAN VORST, MARIE.—The Sin of George Warrener. 6s. (Heinemann)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Law, Not Justice. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)

There is plenty of attractive material in Miss Warden's novel. The main theme is the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. Luke Adisham married Rose Brand in Melbourne, but having once returned to England, he forsook the girl to whom he was not legally married, and married a rich woman, to whom he gave the right of the title which he had newly inherited. The complications with the two wives, the child, the injured wife's sister, and the young man who wishes to marry the injured wife, are many and enthralling, just enthralling enough for a summer day's reading, whether rain or sunshine should happen to be in the ascendant. In fact, a lightly-written book for the man or woman who is tired of heavy things, and needs a holiday.

WILSON-BARRETT, ALFRED.—The House Over the Way. Illustrated 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)

Here is the book for the ever-renewing public which loves a poison mystery and is not too particular about its life-likeness as long as it holds moments when shivers may be felt along the spine, and no escape seems possible. Mr. Wilson-Barrett narrates things which took place "over the way," and they are worth six shillings to any reader of taste as described.

WYNDHAM, HORACE AUDREY.—The Actress. 6s. (Richards)

New Editions.

IRVING, WASHINGTON.—Sketch Book. York Library. 2s. net. ..... (Bell)
WALLACE, HELEN.—Hasty Fruit. 6s. ..... (Elliot Stock)
WESTCOTT, EDWARY NOYES.—David Harum. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (Pearson)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BOWLES, FRED G.—The Tent by the Lake. 1s. (Elkin Matthews)

There is sincere poetic feeling in the little "Vigo" collection of poems by Mr. Bowles. He is very happy in his tuneful three-word-line verses: it is an effective form which is well adapted to his lighter subjects. In his title poem, the use of the word "din" in "The lake's low-lapping din" is not well chosen: it spoils the slow, calm sound; but there are good effects in this poem.

DRINKWATER, JOHN.—The Death of Leander, and Other Poems. 2s. 6d. net. ..... (Cornish)
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MIFFLIN, LLOYD.—My Lady of Dream. 3s. ..... (Frowde)

The Spirit of Poetry has inspired the poet to write the contents of this volume. There can be no doubt of his love and enthusiasm; but now and again he halts, and questions whether a loyal following of Poetry does not rob her lover of something well worth having. He asks her if she does atone for all that he has missed and neglected for her sake. It is but a a question, however—there is no disloyalty at the end. Mr. Mifflin has an undeniable facility, and his work has long since won him deserved notice.

NOYES, ALFRED.—Drake. An English Epic. Books I.-III. 6s. net. ..... (Blackwood)
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Mrs. Barry Pain has conferred a benefit on amateur actors. Her half-dozen little plays in this volume are clever, bright, easy to act, and bound to be effective. There is just the right amount of fun and tenderness, and plenty of opportunity for natural talent.

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